TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 1. { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1888. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } No. 43.

Around Town.

Of course the Fair is the sensation of the week. Canada is a country of "fairs;" there is hardly a township that does not have its annual exposition. Once per annum Pumpkin Corners, the capital of Tamarack Township, is thronged by the yeomanry who have rag carpets and big turnips to enter for the fifty-cent prizes. The township and county fair still live, but Toronto has concentrated the whole show business into its Industrial Exhibition, and this city, in like manner to Pumpkin Corners, is torn up when it has its Exposition, and we should not be ashamed of it, for it is the greatest display in America, and reflects the brightest credit on those who have brought it to its wonderful standard of excellence.

***

On Tuesday I stood near the correspondent of the *Mark Lane Express* and as the Durham cattle were brought out to be inspected by the judges he told me he had no idea that we had such magnificent stock in Canada. I asked him to glance at the people and tell me if he had thought we had such magnificent men in this country. He answered that both the people and the products were a very great surprise. So they are to all Englishmen. We are just beginning to produce the finest beef in the world but ever since Canada has been a country we have not failed to produce the very finest men—yea, verily, and women.

***

If you stand and look at the 50,000 or 60,000 Canadians who in one day visit the Industrial Exhibition, you cannot but be impressed by their evident contentment, comfortable garments and their ability to stay a few days and spend a few dollars in Toronto. As I remarked in my articles descriptive of life in England and France, if I wanted a Canadian to see those two countries, I would have him attend the Derby and the Grand Prix; and if I wanted an Englishman or Frenchman to see Canada in one day, I would invite him to Toronto's Industrial Exhibition.

***

Talking about churches, when the rectors of Toronto, through Rev. Mr. Langtry, entered suit for their share of the revenue of the church, I felt a very deep interest in the question and sympathized with the rectors, who were one too rich, as against Canon Dumoulin, who, officially but not sentimentally, represented the cathedral. No amount of argument can conceal the fact that the suit was a scandal to Christianity, and when the rectors won it, every one felt glad that it had been demonstrated that the cathedral could not monopolize the riches which should help support the score of Anglican churches in Toronto. But I fear a scandal still more serious may grow out of the administration of the estate by the Synod. Property amounting to an indefinite sum—I should not be surprised if it ran into a couple of millions—is held by tenants who leased it from Bishop Strachan, and had their leases continued by Dean Grassett. Upon the church property thus leased many valuable buildings have been erected, the tenants imagining that they would hold the lands in perpetuity, subject to a simple arbitration as to the increase of ground rent. Those whose leases have recently expired have been disabused of this idea by a peremptory order to appoint an arbitrator to adjudicate upon the value of their buildings, the Synod, I am led to believe, declaring that the expiring leases of all lands held by them now fall due, and instead of an arbitration to fix the further rental of the soil, it shall be an arbitration to decide upon the value of the buildings. This seems to show a tendency on the part of the Synod to make the most of the church lands without regard to the moral rights of the tenants. In construction, as well as in many cases recent repairs, the buildings largely owe their present condition to their position, and if the tenants are to be dispossessed and receive nothing but compensation for the value of the old buildings, many who have been living in comparative luxury on their rentals will be thrown into absolute poverty. That the Anglican Church, which draws large aid from donated lands, should show a disposition to exact the pound of flesh in this matter is not creditable. A glance that I had the other day at one of the original leases shows that they were made and accepted with the idea that they should be continuous. The Synod appears to take the view that Bishop Strachan and Dean Grassett, who asserted to their office the prerogative of disposing of these church lands, had no right to do so, and that they made leases which were, and are, invalid. The contention on the part of Canon Dumoulin in resisting the suit of the Rev. Mr. Langtry was, in short, that he and his predecessors, as officials, were absolute, and did not represent a corporation. Now that the corporation has demonstrated that it is the owner, the trustees may see fit to nullify all the contracts of the men who managed these lands previously. A money lender or land shark might be able to act as if he had only to do with old bricks and mortar in this manner and not draw upon himself the opprobrium of the public, but the Anglican Church certainly cannot afford even to appear as a Shylock. If the daily newspapers looked into this matter they might find some exceedingly interesting and startling points to fill their unlimited space.

***

The earth wobbled and the moon wavered in its orbit when it became known that Mr. R. W. Phipps had recanted his Protectionist doctrines. The startling announcement, if it had been made earlier, might have destroyed the prospects of the Industrial Fair; but Mr. Phipps, with his customary kindness and consideration, deferred the shock until we had made a good start with the fall ploughing, otherwise we might have been tempted to forsake seed-time and have no more hope for the harvest. Mr. Phipps for many years after the passage of the N. P. was engaged in a deadly struggle to prove that he, and not Grandfather Maclean, was the inventor of the National Policy. Having failed to convince the thoughtless world that he was the patentee of Canadian Protection, he is apparently resolved to spend the next ten years in a vigorous endeavor to prove that it was not worth patenting anyhow. Mr. Phipps has done some excellent work in promoting forestry, and his letters on that subject, written to the various newspapers of the province, have certainly done great good. But talking about trees, I might suggest that the Protectionist seedling he planted so long ago, has grown to be a big tree now, and the political and industrial fowls are lodged in the branches thereof, and propose to stay there, even if Mr. Phipps is not entirely content.

***

Some of the newspapers in small cities like Montreal where they have no Industrial Fair, are talking about the sin of such exhibitions as balloon ascensions and parachute feats, and think that men who thus risk their lives for the sake of notoriety, or to make money for some wicked enterprise which is not located in Montreal, should be arrested and sent to the Reformatory as vagrants. The *Witness* preaches a sermon on this topic, and takes it for granted that bridge-jumpers, Niagara rapids-shooters, aeronauts, "an' all sich," are either crazy or totally depraved. I take a somewhat different view of this question, and with due deference to the esteemed *Witness* would submit that the man who too dearly loves his life is not apt to do a vast deal of good for the world he lives in. It may be silly or sinful to take terrible risks which have no good end in view, but it at least tends to show mankind that there are still some people who value other things more dearly than life. Nowadays life is so carefully and properly protected that the fear of losing it amounts almost to a mania. I remember a clergyman who was always telling his congregation how ready he was to go, that he actually longed to pass away and enter the eternal city. He used to tell us, in beautiful periods, of the joy he would feel when he heard the summons, and we could, in imagination, see him tripping gleefully through the jasper gates. Notwithstanding his expressed anxiety "to depart, which is far better," during the whole twenty years I knew him he was continually taking medicine so as not to go before he felt he was actually needed.

***

This sort of thing is not uncommon. Duty is frequently neglected by those who fear they will lose their lives in doing it. Nowadays the Christian who would consent to be burnt at the stake because he would not recant, would be called a fool for being incinerated for some petty doctrinal point, which, by the use of a little logic, could be classed among the non-essentials. Grown men will get under the bed or shiver under the sheets, and let their wives hunt for the burglar because they have been brought up in some mawkish school where the boys were not let fight. Many a good mother in this land has to take her twelve-year-old boy to bed because he is scared to go through a dark hall, and he will let his wife, when he gets old enough to have one, split the kindling wood because he is afraid he will cut his feet.

***

Among the men who hold their lives lightly there is likely to be crime because in valuing their own being as of so little worth they are apt to esteem the privilege of living as not worth much to their neighbor. But still this disregard of life brings out some grand traits of character. "All that a man hath will he give for his life," and when he offers his life as a sacrifice it indicates that to him the whole of known creation seems but a small stake. This may not apply to a professional showman, but his desire to make money quickly by risking his life is but an exaggerated form of the ambition which leads so many men from safe and healthy employments into the walks of life where death is sure to come to them much sooner; but they feel compensated for this as they have an easier time and can concentrate more excitement into the days they have to live. For instance, if a man were sure of living to four score if he engaged himself at pounding sand at 75 cents per day with the alternative of only living to be forty and having plenty of money as a locomotive engineer, only a dullard would select the safe job. This is merely an illustration; it is well known that the lives of professional men average very much below those of carpenters, and yet the average youth will take his chances at discounting his days as a doctor rather than handle a hammer and saw and be on strike half the time. The people who write these paragraphs about the fools who take big chances are probably in some way taking as great risks themselves. When we look around at mankind and estimate the value of a soul as compared with that of a human life, and see what enormous chances the majority of people appear to be taking of losing the former, it should not astonish us that Prof. Williams is willing to make a balloon ascent at $400 per trip.

***

The idea underlying the whole phenomena is that mere living never contents a man, that pleasure is not satisfying and that the whole glory of life is in Endeavor. This being true, endeavor frequently selects that pursuit which is least followed because success can be most quickly seen and applause soonest gained. This will always be true until we are all educated up to the point of appreciating that quiet and unobtrusive manfulness which struggles on, willing to wait for its reward or find it and contentment in the feeling of having done well. Until we get to that point it is better that a man should fall out of a balloon in trying to live too high than die of inanition in being content with living too low.

***

I haven't seen anything so pretty in a year as the country girls at the Fair on Farmers' day. They are so sweet and unaffected, and their womanly wiles so transparent that one could hardly call them artificial. They would not be less beautiful if they reserved the eating of pie and the squeezing of their sweetheart's hand for places less public than King street. But their enjoyment is so thorough that notwithstanding the fact that their clothes lack the height of style and the expansion of bustle, which mark the attire of the city woman, I like them better. And do not forget that, as a rule, they show good taste in dress and manage to make themselves look pretty.

***

I am sorry I can't say as much about the country youth. If young Mr. Russet when he comes to town would learn that it is not necessary for him to walk through a crowd as if he were following a plow through a stumpy field, he would cause less inconvenience to other people who have a certain inalienable right to a portion of the sidewalk. His particular habit of holding his arms akimbo as he seeks to gain admission to the Main Hall has the effect of knocking the wind and good nature out of people who would make room for him if he would linger for a moment in his headlong career. When I look at these young gentlemen from the townships I have a blood-curdling remembrance of myself when I first emanated from the timber. I wonder if I made a practise of stepping on people's feet and jammed my elbow into the shirt bosom of every passer-by, and I am overcome with sorrow for myself when I recall the burning words of excitement which I sometimes occasioned. The faint recollection of nibbling the works out of a watermelon held in position with one hand while the other was glued on to that of my best girl, comes back like the segment of a dream, and I feel the burning warmth of an internal blush. But if, as in old times, on the night of Farmers' Day, I had been going home with one of those country lassies and left the train at the little station on the town-line and helped her into the buggy for a drive along the well-remembered road, with the woods on one side and the farms on the other, I would have felt no reason for lamantation or any hope for a pleasure greater than to have her by my side. In the memory of country boys like myself there can be nothing sweeter than that unutterable happiness which found expression in the heart but not in the voice. The moonlight, the long shadows of maple and beech athwart the road, the cry of the night birds, the warning bark of the dogs far up the dusky lanes, the drowsy cattle grouped in the green pastures, the yellow fruit in the orchards, and the stillness—that sympathetic quiet which is the charm of the country and is never found in the town—were all in harmony with the rustic lovers who had seemed so uncouth when sight-seeing, who now are in unison with the "voices which from day to day utter speech and night unto night sheweth knowledge." The roughness, the boisterousness, the thoughtlessness which mark the holiday-maker are gone and love has leavened the coarse lump until softness, sweetness and beauty replace all that is unlovely. Alas, that the morrow always brought its toil and its hardness, and sweet sentiment was buried in the turnip field and softness soured by the trouble of milking a kicking cow! If one could have the farm and regain the freshness of youth, and not have to grow into toil-worn and sordid age, what a delightful thing it would be to dwell on the concession line! But it cannot be managed, my good masters! In this age, when every farmer is his own hired man and ninety per cent. of the farm-wives combine the duties of laundress, chambermaid and cook, with occasional relaxation in driving the reaper or helping to milk the kine, there is mighty little romance in it, except when we reach back and recall pictures embowered in beauties which were too subtle for us to understand and too fleeting to make more than glimpses of sunshine in a life of hard work. But 'tis well that we preserve the pleasant pictures and forget the bitterness.

DON.

JANAUSCHEK.

Mme. Janauschek.

The appearance in Toronto of Mme. Janauschek demands more than passing attention, particularly as it is probable that it may be the final appearance of this actress upon our stage; and even if it should not be positively final, in the nature of things her dramatic career is almost finished.

Remembering Mme. Janauschek's measure of greatness we are led to inquire where a successor, who shall also be her equal, shall be found. Mme. Janauschek stands as a distinguished representative of a dramatic school that unfortunately has very few followers. She represents the classic as against the melodramatic, and it is as a tragic actress that she should alone be considered. In brief, she may be declared to be the exponent of pure and intellectual mimetic force as against that of mere shriek and shiver.

Many dramatic critics contend that Mme. Janauschek is unquestionably the greatest tragic actress now upon the English stage, and even a comparison with Mme. Bernhart would not make any racial limitation essentially necessary. And yet she is only English by adoption for Francesca Romana Magdalena Janauschek was born at Prague. She first appeared in this country more than a score of years ago in German tragedies, and her introductory visits to Toronto cannot be ranked among her triumphs; but like many another actress of foreign antecedents she set herself to learning the English language, and very quickly became identified with the English stage. Even now in blank verse as in Mary Stuart and Henry VIII the foreign quality of her delivery is not unpleasing, and the genius of the actress makes us quite willing to close our ears to slight oddities of accent.

Remembering her cold reception when first she came to Toronto, and the magnificent welcomes she has since received, and will always receive, it is interesting to note the struggles which have marked her famous career. She made her *debut* at Prague when she was but sixteen. Some years after her father, with difficulty, procured the means to send her to Leipsic. She lost the money provided for her and disdaining to acquaint her father of the loss, joined a traveling company at $14 per month. Her talents attracted attention, and in Saxony a wealthy family took her under their protection, and at eighteen she was

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

Society.

The garden party given by Mr. and Mrs. John Hoskin last Saturday was a most successful affair. It was, in fact, a delightful re-union of many friends, who, during the hot summer months, have been separated by mountain, stream and sea. Of course, I suppose, it goes without saying that with such a host and hostess as Mr. and Mrs. Hoskin, everything was bound to come off pleasantly, at any rate last Saturday's At Home was one which will linger in the minds of many as a most pleasant memory.

•

Everyone in Toronto knows how picturesquely situated The Dale is, and everyone knows equally well how much art has assisted Nature in making these grounds so beautiful. The elements last Saturday were in perfect harmony with the occasion, for a more perfect day could hardly have been desired. Then, too, the music of the Grenadier Band was good, in fact, it was excellent, and showed a marked improvement on its performances in the past. Amongst the invited guests were: Prof. and Mrs. Ashley, Mrs. Ardagh, Judge and Mrs. Ardagh, Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs Arnoldi, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Armstrong, Prof. Boys, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Armour, the Speaker of the Senate, Mrs. Allan and Mr. Arthur Allan, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Alexander, Lieut.-Gov., Mrs. and the Misses Aikens, Dr. and Mrs. Aikens, Mrs. Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Blake, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Brown, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Brough, Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy, Provost and Mrs. Body, Mr. W. H., Mrs. and the Misses Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Biggar, Mr. John, Mrs. and Miss Bain, Chancellor and Mrs. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Bethune, Justice Burton, Mrs., Mr. and the Misses Burton, Dr. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. William Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Boswell, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Bethune, Mr. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. William Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Blaikie, Mrs. and the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Blaikie, Mr. Bruce, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Burgess, Mr. and Mrs. Buchannan, Dr. and Mrs. Barrick, Mr. Baker, the Misses Biggar, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown, Rev. H. Grasett and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. Justice, Mrs., and the Misses Gwynne, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Heron, Miss Buchan, Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Darling, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Darling, Mr. Frank Darling, Miss Darling, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Willoughby and Miss Crooks, Mrs. John Cawthra, the Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Cochran, Mr. Cobb, Miss Cousens, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Campbell, Miss Campbell, Mr. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cassels, Mrs. and Miss Cochrane, Mr. and Mrs. Barlow Cumberland, Mr. A. Campbell, Miss Clarke, Mrs. Cumberland, Miss Cumberland, Mr. Geo. R. R. Cockburn, Mr. W. Creelman, Mr. Carpmael, Mrs. Crombie, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Cattanach, Mr. and Mrs. Creelman, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Dr. Carson, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Dr. and Miss Covernton, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, Mr. Cassimer Dickson, Principal and Mrs. Dickson, Col., Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Davies, Rev. Mr., Mrs. and Miss DesBarres, Col. and Mrs. G. T. Denison, the Misses Denison, Col. and Mrs. F. Denison Rev. Canon and Mrs. Dumoulin, Miss Dumoulin, Dr. and Mrs. Ellis, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. English, Mr. and Mrs. C. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ferguson, Mr. C. F. Fraser, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mr. Justice, Mrs. and Miss Ferguson, Miss Ferguson, Major and Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Foy, Miss Hoskin, Mr. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, Miss Jessie Hoskin, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Gwynne, Miss Cockburn, Mr. and the Misses O'Donnell, Mr. and Mrs. Freeland, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart Gordon, Senator and Mrs. Gowan, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grasett, Colonel and Mrs. Grasett, Dr. and Mrs. F. LeM. Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Galt, Sir Thomas and Lady Galt, Gen. Sir Fred. Middleton, Capt. Wyse, A.D.C., Mr. and Mrs. A. Galt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Grasett, Dr. and Mrs. Graham, Mr. Harry Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke Gamble, Major, Mrs. and the Misses Greig, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson (Hamilton), Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. R. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mr. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Holmested, Sir William Howland, Mr. Oliver Howland, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Howland, Capt., Mrs. and Miss Hooper, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Mr. Hawke, Mr. Hill, Mr. Harcourt, M.P.P., and Mrs. Harcourt, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Harcourt, Miss Mackenzie, Mr. Hornby, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Mr. Hayes, Prof. and Mrs. Hutton, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Prof. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Dr. Pike, Mr. John O., Mrs. and Miss Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Hoyles, Mr. and Mrs. Hebden, Prof., Mrs. and the Misses Hirschfelder, Mr. A. S. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Harman, Mr. Thos. and Miss Hodgins, Dr. Hodgins, Mr. Hodgins, Rev. W. and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys, Mr. and Mrs. Æmilius Irving, Miss Caroline Jarvis, Miss Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, Mr. George A. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson Jones, Dr. and Miss Jones, Mr., Mrs. and Misses Joplin, Mr. and Miss Jennings, Rev. Prof. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Kingsford, Miss Kingsford, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Miss Kirkpatrick, Sir Cornelius Kortright, Lady Kortright, Mr. and Miss Kortright, General and Mrs. Keer, Dr. and Mrs. Leslie, Captain Law, A.D.C., and Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Langton. Mr. Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Lefroy, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Mrs. George Jarvis, Mr. A. and Miss Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Lash, Mr. Mulock, M.P., and Mrs. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Mrs. Molson, Dr. McMichael, Q. C., Mr. and Mrs. C. McMichael, Mr. R. O. McCulloch, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mr. James H. Morris, Mr. Morrow, Mrs. Muter, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon MacKenzie, Mr. Huson, Mrs. and Miss Murray, Mr. and Mrs. McLean, the Attorney General and Mrs. Mowat, Miss Ewart, Mr. and Mrs. Maclennan, the Misses McCutcheon, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Morris, the Misses Morris, Mr. William Morris, Senator, Mrs., Mr. and the Misses Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Rev. Street and Mrs. Macklem, Judge, Mrs. and Miss Morgan, the Misses Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Mackenzie, Mr. D'Alton, Mrs., Mr. and Miss McCarthy, Mr. Grant, Mrs., Mr. and Miss Macdonald, Mrs. Kenneth and Miss McKenzie, Mr. A. M. Macdonell, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ross, Mr. Thos., Mr. and Miss Moss, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. McVittie, Justice and Mrs. McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Malloch, Judge and Mrs. McDougall, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdougall, Miss Ida Moffatt, Sir David and Lady Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Moore, Mr. Mickle, the Misses Mickle, Captain and Mrs. Maule, Mr. and Mrs. Nason, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. and the Misses Nanton, Dr. William Ord, the Misses Ord, Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Brien, Mr. and Miss O'Brien, Mr. and the Misses O'Donnell, Justice and Mrs. Osler, the Misses Osler, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Osler, Miss Osler, Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Miss Otter, Mr. E. O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden, Mr. Lucius O'Brien and Miss O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvy, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. Arthur Patrick, Mr. Godfrey Patteson, Justice and Mrs. Patterson, Miss Patterson, Dr. Pike, Justice and Miss Proudfoot, Mr. and Mrs. Payne, Mr. F. F. Payne, Mr. and Mrs. Plummer, Mr. Pipon, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Power, Mr. and Mrs. Peplar, Dr. Primrose, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Robertson, Miss Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Dr. and Mrs. Riordan, Mr. Christopher Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Rose, Mr. Raymond, Miss Ramsay, Mr. Spence, Mr. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. John Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Strathy, the Misses Foster, Miss N. and Miss J. Ardagh, Mr. John Small, M.P. and Mrs. Small, the Misses Saunders, Mr. D. W. Saunders, Mrs. Grant Stewart, Mr. and the Misses Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Stayner, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. Bridgman Simpson, Mrs. Robert and Miss Sullivan, Mrs. James Strachan, Mrs. and the Misses Strachan, Dr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Stupart, Col. and Mrs. Sweeny, Dr. and Mrs. Sprague, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. James F. Smith, Dr. Larratt Smith, Mrs. and the Misses Smith, The Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, Mr. and Mrs. Stark, General, Mrs. and the Misses Thacker, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Todd, Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. Tisdale, Mr. and Miss Tilley, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Totten, Mrs. and Miss Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Rev. Canon Harcourt Vernon, Mr. Webber, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. Charles Walker, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wood and Miss Wood, Mrs. Winn, Miss Wilson, Sir Adam and Lady Wilson, Miss Hector, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Wrong, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Wragge, Sir Daniel Wilson, Miss Wilson, Miss N. Wilson, Mrs. Alexander Williamson and Mr. Williamson, Mrs. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Way, Mr. and Mrs. James Walker, Miss Walker, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Yarker, Mrs. West, Rev. Mr. Dorenton, Prof. Young.

•

Mr. and Mrs. John Cameron of the *Globe* have been spending a few days in Montreal. The loss of their little daughter has been a severe blow to them.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson have returned from Europe. Their house has been enlarged and beautified and the rooms artistically finished, especially the library.

•

Mrs. Harold Otter is in town on a visit to her mother. It is to be hoped we shall hear her sing in public before returning to Chicago, as her sweet voice has not been forgotten by Torontonians who were charmed with her when known as Miss Alice Scott.

•

Mrs. W. A. Foster has returned from Parry Sound.

•

Sheriff Widdifield gave his second official dinner at the Toronto Club on the 18th instant. The guests were as follows: J. A. McAndrew, M.P.P., Mr. G. T. Shepley, Mr. T. H. Brunton, Major Delamere, Mr. Severs (Deputy Sheriff of Toronto), Mr. A. Sutherland (Deputy Sheriff of York), Thomas Ballantyne, M.P.P., Mr. James W. Allan, Mr. Thomas Ratcliff *(North York Reformer)*, Mr. G. F. Cane, Mr. W. C. Widdifield, Dr. Gilmour, M.P.P., Mr. E. Cane, Mr. William Sutherland, Dr. Bentley, Mr. J. R. Miller, Dr. J. E. Elliott, Mr. A. Gorrie.

•

The largely increased attendance this week at the ever popular Monday of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club showed that in a social sense town was once more beginning to fill up. There is an activity in society which seems to promise well for the months of autumn and winter. At the large garden parties of Mr. and Mrs. John Hoskin on Saturday last, and of Sir David and Lady Macpherson on Tuesday, everybody seemed surprised that so many other people were in town, and now that the fact is recognized, many plans for autumnal galeties are on foot. To-day the world will meet at Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir's house at Parkdale where a large At Home is to be held. How many similar gatherings will it be my pleasure to chronicle before next spring! There are rumors of a large dance in the not very distant future, and of riding-parties in the near future. October and November are perhaps even more favorable months for riding than April and May, and before the snow comes and the Toronto Sleighing Club inaugurates the second year of its delightful Saturday drives, the pleasant glades of High Park and the Humber district will frame many a showy cavalcade of fair horsewomen and their gallant escorts.

•

Mrs. Bankes has returned from her summer quarters at the seaside and is once more a resident at Chestnut Park.

•

Hon. Justice Gwynne of the Supreme Court at Ottawa and Mrs. Gwynne are paying a round of visits to their numerous relatives in Toronto.

•

Miss Walker of Detroit has been staying at the Island, and attended some of the festivities in town this week.

•

Miss Cockburn of Ottawa is staying with her sister, Mrs. W. Gwynne, on Spadina avenue.

•

Mrs. Shanly has gone to Edenwold, Mrs. Heward's house at Orillia.

•

Mr. G. W. Yarker has been to the States for a few days' change of air after his short but painful illness.

•

Mrs. Beverley Robinson and Miss Robinson have returned from their island in Lake Joseph bringing with them the last of the numerous guests they have entertained during the summer. Miss Robinson thinks of returning to the island for a part of October, but has first to fulfil an engagement to sing at Signor Agramonte's approaching concert.

•

Mr. Bodley of London, England, has been paying a short visit to Sir David and Lady Macpherson at Chestnut Park. Mr. Bodley left this week for British Columbia.

•

Hon. George Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick also paid a flying visit to Chestnut Park this week.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Townley of London, England, are staying in Toronto and were present at one, at least, of the week's garden parties.

•

Mr. Hamilton Merritt has returned to St. George street after doing his share of the work performed by the mining commission in the North-West.

•

Miss Jones has again left town to pay a short visit to Longulssa, that most hospitable house on the Georgian Bay.

•

Mrs. Stephen Heward passed through Toronto this week on her way to New York.

•

A charming event of the week has been, of course, Sir David and Lady Macpherson's garden party on Tuesday. Although Sir David has not the advantage of a ravine like that of Mr. Hoskin to add a wild beauty to his grounds, yet his wide stretches of turf, his spacious and numerous conservatories, and the brilliant masses of his flowers in open beds, make his garden one that is unsurpassed in Toronto, perhaps even in the whole Dominion. Heavy clouds had been threatening rain all day, but fortunately none fell, there was an occasional gleam of sunshine and, considering the season, the day might have been much worse. Besides Sir David and Lady Macpherson, Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Percival Ridout received the guests. With so many hostesses, all of whom are so well versed in the art of entertaining, it was small wonder that the garden party was an unlimited success. The receiving was done in the picture gallery, while, as rain seemed likely, refreshments were served in the dining-room and inner hall. The Citizens' Band were stationed on the lawn in the angle formed by the two sides of the house and the conservatories, and fully sustained the reputation which their excellent playing has earned them. It was between the band and the house where the guests chiefly congregated—that sort of focus which is always formed somehow and somewhere at every kind of entertainment—but many people, of course, in twos or threes promenaded the long gravel walks, and discovered distant garden seats or preferred quiet corners in the conservatories or drawing-rooms or billiard room. It seemed to me that of those people who are in town, and whom one would have expected to see, very few were absent.

•

Amongst those I noticed were Mr. and Mrs. Cattenach, Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P., Miss Cockburn of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Mrs. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Brough, Miss Brough, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, the Misses Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. and

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

E. BEETON
Chronometer and High-Grade Watch Specialist.
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE, TORONTO.
Repairing and adjusting of fine and complicated watches of every description my forte.
Key-winding Watches Altered to Stem-winders.

COMPOUND
Oxygen Treatment by Inhalation
It cures diseases which medicine is unable to reach, and all are invited to take a Trial Treatment at Office Free
L. A. STACKHOUSE, 427 Yonge Street

MONS. F. BOUCHER
VIOLIN VIRTUOSO
Will receive a limited number of pupils for the Violin.
RESIDENCE 168 HURON STREET
Also, will accept engagements for concerts as SOLOIST

Toilet Requisites
AND
PERFUMERY
in great variety, including Toilet, Shaving, Perfume, Traveling and Manicure Cases, with Mrs. Cobbs, Mrs. Prays and Bourgois celebrated manicure preparations.
BINGHAM'S PHARMACY
100 YONGE STREET.
Telephone 1748. Always open. Dispensing a specialty. Physicians' consulting room

FASHIONS
Butterick's Metropolitan for Fall and Winter,
Madame Demorest's Portfolio,
L'Art de la Mode, Revue de la Mode,
Delineator, Season,
Young Ladies' Journal for October, Etc.
NYE & ARMSTRONG,
The Rossin House News Depot,
10 ROSSIN BLOCK. - - TORONTO.

LAWN TENNIS SETS
AT
$7.00, $8.50, $10, $12.50,
$15, $17.50, $20
SPLENDID VALUE
QUA & CO.
49 King St. West

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
Express Steamers every Wednesday & Saturday.
Patronized by those who desire comfort with elegance.
Winter rates now in force.
Barlow Cumberland.
72 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

DYEING AND CLEANING
Latest Improved Methods—Best House in Toronto—
Damask Curtain Dyeing a Specialty.
STOCKWELL, HENDERSON & BLAKE
80 King Street West.

CHINA HALL DOULTON BURSLEM TRADE MARK CHINA HALL
THIS WEEK A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF
Doulton's Celebrated Ornaments
As we are the only Direct Importers of the above goods in Toronto we ask the public to see that all ornaments sold as Doulton's have the above trade mark. Also a consignment of the celebrated
American Mason Improved Fruit Jar.
GLOVER HARRISON ESTATE
IMPORTERS,
49 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

China. China. China.
C. & J. ALLEN
29 King Street West
Have opened a new and Extensive Department in
CHINA
Including Table Ware and Fancy Goods
All are Invited to Inspect our New Goods.
LARGE VARIETY OF
Dinner, Tea, Breakfast Sets
TOILET WARE
No trouble to show goods. Call and see our Novelties.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP
Consists of Extract of Beef and Vegetables in a dry state; quickly and easily made ready for the table; agreeable to the palate;
NUTRITIOUS, ECONOMICAL
and is, in its proportions of flesh-formers, heat-formers and mineral salts, a most perfect diet!
FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS
In tins, 1lb., 40c.; ½lb., 25c.; ¼lb., 15c.; and 2 oz. packets 5c.
Edwards' Economic Cookery—a valuable book—post free on application.

Grand Opening of Show Rooms
W. A. MURRAY & CO.
Will on TUESDAY, the 25th inst. have their Grand Opening of MILLINERY, MANTLE and COSTUME Show Rooms for the Fall and Winter season of 1888. The display will be more than usually attractive. Ladies in town and country are cordially invited to come and see the novelties at
W. A. MURRAY & CO.'S
DIRECT IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS
17, 19, 21, 23, 25, AND 27 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

THE YATISI CORSET
Is modeled from a design of one of the most celebrated Parisian makers. It gives the wearer th ateane and grace so much admired in French ladies.
The Yatisi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensible.
The Yatisi Corset does not stretch at the waist, requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer, it will outlast any of the old-style rigid corsets.
The Yatisi Corset is made of the best materials, and being elastic (without rubber or springs), is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.
The Yatisi Corset is the only one that the purchaser can wear ten days and then return and have the money refunded if not found to be the most perfect-fitting, healthful and comfortable corset ever worn.
Every merchant who sells the Yatisi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers, and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.
The Yatisi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.
Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped, and no other is genuine.
MANUFACTURED BY
THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

MR. E. W. SCHUCH
(Choirmaster, Church of the Redeemer)
BARITONE
Concert, Recital and Oratorio
Voice culture and expression in singing. Concerts arranged and conducted Choirs and choruses trained.
3 AVENUE STREET, TORONTO

MISS BOYLAN
TEACHER OF
Piano, Guitar, Singing and Banjo
49 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

MISS RUTHVEN
Teacher of Pianoforte and Harmony
18 Wood Street, Toronto

PERCY V. GREENWOOD
Organist All Saints' Church, Teacher of Music. Three manual organ for practise. Address 239 Sherbourne street. Telephone 1,775.

Toronto Conservatory of Music
Hon. G. W. Allan, President
OVER 600 PUPILS FIRST SEASON
50 TEACHERS: Virtually all departments of Music taught from beginning to graduation, including piano, vocal art, organ, violin, sight-singing, harmony, etc., also elocution. Certificates and Diplomas.
Tuition, $5 and upwards per term. Both class and private instruction. Pupils may enter at any date and are only charged proportionately. Board and room provided. FREE ADVANTAGES: Elementary harmony and violin instruction, lectures, concerts, recitals, etc. Calendar giving full information mailed on application.
There being private schools bearing names somewhat similar, it is particularly requested that all correspondence for the Conservatory be addressed
EDWARD FISHER, Director.
Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Ave. TORONTO.

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC
142 Carlton Street Opposite the Gardens
This is a Private School, patronized by the best families in the city. The principal teacher who has had charge of the school for the past four years is a German, educated in his native country, and has had thirty years experience as a teacher of music in the United States and Canada. By our method we make good performers, practical readers and teachers in the shortest possible time. No time required for mechanical performance of scales and finger exercises Thorough work guaranteed from the lowest to the highest grade Private instruction at pupil's residence if preferred. For information and new pamphlets for 1888-1889 address the Principal, C. FARRINGER, 142 Carlton Street, Toronto.

TORONTO
COLLEGE OF MUSIC
12 and 14 Pembroke Street
OPENED MONDAY, SEPT. 17
Announcements on application.
F. H. TORRINGTON, DIRECTOR.

PROF. THOMAS' DANCING
ACADEMY, 77 PETER STREET.
Classes in Society Dances will organize September 20, first lessons given Saturday, September 22, as follows—

Misses' class	10 o'clock	a.m.
Ladies' "	4 "	p.m.
" "	7 "	"
Gentlemen's class	8.30 "	"

In reference to the series of news that appeared in this paper we would say, As we have never devoted any of our time or talents to the profession of gambling, even for CHARITY'S SAKE, we shall leave that to the author of the so-called challenge who seems willing to stoop to such things, or any other methods by which the public may be deceived. We leave our pupils and the public to judge of our ability as a teacher of the ART OF DANCING AND DEPORTMENT. This season we have the best of music for the purpose, for every class. F. A. THOMAS, Principal.

DANCING
PROF. DAVIS' ACADEMY, 77 Wilton Avenue
Established 1859—29 years ago. Member of the National Association of Teachers of Dancing of the United States and Canada. Circular on application. Observe—A knot-hole is a convenient thing sometimes for small people to crawl through. It takes a larger hole, however, for their inconsistencies and equivocations to pass through. See my challenge and the answer to it in TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR JUNIOR BOYS
137 Simcoe Street, Toronto
ESTABLISHED 1866. W. MASSEY, PRINCIPAL
This well-known preparatory school is now open to receive pupils as heretofore. Send for prospectus.

MRS. HUNT'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES
AND KINDERGARTEN
380 Spadina Avenue
Art Classes Separate from Day School

PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR BOYS
ONTARIO ACADEMY—47 PHOEBE STREET
NEAR SPADINA AVENUE.
Careful tuition and training for commercial life or for the various professions. Special arrangements for boys under twelve. Terms for those over twelve, one dollar a week. School opens Monday, September 3rd. Send for prospectus to
R. W. DILLON, M. A., PRINCIPAL
Private tuition for students and others in the evening
Coaching for the various exams.

TORONTO BUSINESS COLLEGE
Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping,
Actual and Practical Business, Telegraphy, Penmanship, Business Arithmetic and Correspondence, Commercial Law, Instrumental Music, Drawing, Oil Painting, etc. Send for circulars
COR. YONGE AND SHUTER STS., TORONTO

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE
TORONTO, ONT.
SIXTH SESSION OPENS OCT. 1, 1888
For annual announcement, free or further information apply to DR. WISHART, Secretary.

LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY
Examinations, Oral or Written.
MRS. HENDON, 236 McCaul Street.

BUSINESS Education is very essential to the success of every young man and young woman. Good Book-keepers are constantly in demand by Business men.
There is no knowledge more useful than a Business and Typewriting. A new season for Shorthand is opening and we expect this year to make employment like last year. Constantly growing demand for shorthand writers.
WRITE for descriptive Circulars, containing full particulars of all branches taught and rates of tuition.
Address—CANADIAN BUSINESS UNIVERSITY
PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING, TORONTO
THOS. BENGOUGH, President. C. H. BROOKS, Sec'y & Manager.

JAS. COX & SON
88 Yonge Street
PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS
Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors

J. FRASER BRYCE
PHOTOGRAPHER
107 KING STREET WEST
PHOTOGRAPHS
Finest Cabinet Photographs $2 per Dozen.
R. LANE - 147 YONGE ST.

S. J. DIXON,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
Cor. Yonge and King Streets.
FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

- PATENTS -
REYNOLDS & KELLOND
Solicitors and Experts
24 King Street East, Toronto, 156 St. James Street, Montreal, Pacific Building, Washington, D. C.
Agencies in all Foreign Capitals. Trade Marks, Designs and Copyrights Registered.

JOHN P. MILL
Watchmaker and Jeweler
Watches and Wedding Rings a specialty. Special attention to all kinds of Repairing.
445½ Yonge Street, opp. College Ave., Toronto.

THE HUB CAFE
And MERCHANTS' LUNCH COUNTER.
First-class in every respect. A specialty is the choice butter and the best meats procurable. All the delicacies of the season and prompt attendance. Private dining-room up-stairs. Reading and smoking rooms attached.
12 Colborne St., W. R. BINGHAM, PROP.

- M. McCONNELL -
46 and 48 King Street East.
Commendador Port Wine in cases and bulk. Family trade a specialty. Agent for the celebrated Moet and Chandon "White Seal," George Gourlet and other leading brands of Champagne. Over half a million imported cigars always in stock. Trade supplied at bottom prices.

Telephone 344
MARSLAND & KENNEDY
FAMILY GROCERS
WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS
285 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.
Fine wines for medicinal purposes a specialty

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
Head Offices 22 to 28 King Street West, Toronto
Issues all approved forms of Life and Endowment Policies and Annuities.
HON. A. MACKENZIE, M.P., Pres.; HON. A. MORRIS and J. L. BLAIKIE, Vice-Presidents; WM. MCCABE, Man'g Director.

CONFEDERATION
Life Association
15 Toronto Street

F. H. SEFTON
DENTIST
172 Yonge Street, next door to R. Simpson's Dry Goods Store
OFFICE HOURS—8 A.M. TO 9 P.M.

SPAULDING & CHEESBROUGH
DENTISTS
have removed from 51 King street east to 171 Yonge street, over the Imperial Bank; entrance on Queen east, first door. Office hours: A. H. Cheesbrough, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; A. W. Spaulding, 1 to 5 p.m., during the session of the Dental School.

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE
Best teeth on Rubber, $8.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476
C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

C. V. SNELGROVE
DENTAL SURGEON
97 CARLTON ST.
Office Hours: - From 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

MR. HIPKINS
DENTIST
ROOMS, No. 1 COLLEGE AVENUE
(Over Wood's Drug Store, cor. Yonge street.)

J. W. L. FORSTER,
ARTIST | PORTRAITS In Oil and Crayon
STUDIO—KING STREET EAST.

FRANK McLAUGHLIN
Fine Tailoring, 319 Yonge Street

Platts The Tailor
Will be pleased to Make to Order those visiting the Exhibition a
Fine Suit or a Good Overcoat
PLATTS THE TAILOR
181 Yonge Street

GENTLEMEN'S FALL STYLES
J. W. Cheeseworth
The King Street Tailor
Has just opened up a magnificent assortment of New Goods for the coming season's trade. Among them will be found everything that a gentleman requires. His stock affords one of the
Largest Assortments in the Dominion
Parties desirous of getting the correct thing in dress should call and see his stock and styles at 106 King street west. Mr. Cheeseworth personally superintends the cutting department.

W. C. MURRAY
FASHIONABLE TAILOR
279 YONGE STREET
FIRST-CLASS FIT AND FINISH TO ALL OUR WORK

OUR IMPORTATIONS
FOR
FALL AND WINTER
ARE NOW READY
For Your Inspection
Henry a Taylor
IMPORTING TAILOR
No 1 Rossin House Block
Toronto, Ont.

Four Good Songs!
BIONDINA, B flat, C and E flat. F. N. Lohr—50c.
Two Children, F, G and A. A. H. Behrend—50c.
The Quaker's Daughter, C, E flat and F. M. Watson—50c.
Watching Alone, B flat, C and D. M. Piccolomini—50c.
EDWIN ASHDOWN
89 Yonge Street, Toronto.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
AT
HALF PRICE
Being the stock of a wholesale house giving up business
Violins worth $30 at $15. Concertinas, Accordions, Guitars, Strings, Zithers, Bows, &c. All at ½ price.
CLAXTON'S MUSIC STORE
197 YONGE ST., TORONTO.
(Office of Claxton's Orchestra.)

A. B. McBRIDE
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR &c.
Room C., 16 Victoria street, Toronto.
Money to loan.

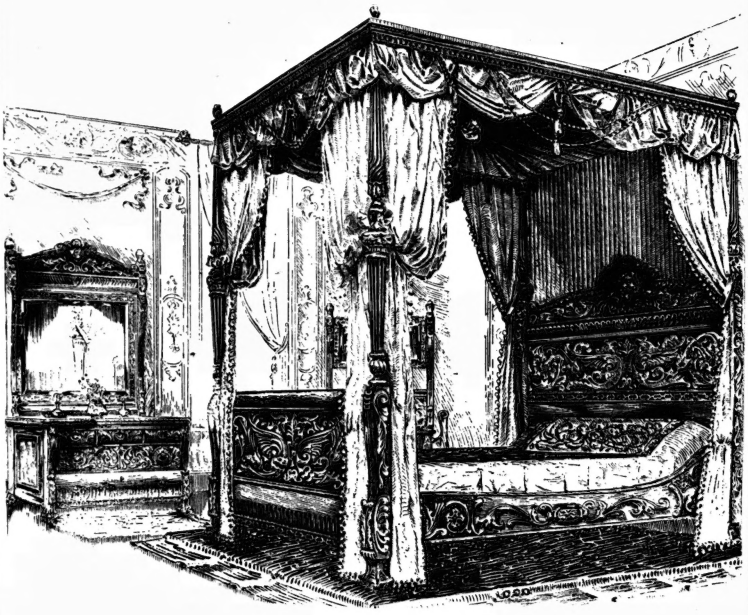
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
The Old and Popular Rail Route to
MONTREAL, DETROIT, CHICAGO
And all Principal Points in
CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES
It is positively the only line from Toronto running the celebrated Pullman's Palace Sleeping, Buffet and Parlor Cars, electric lighted. Speed, safety, civility.
For fares, time tables, tickets and reliable information apply at the city ticket offices.
P. J. SLATTER, City Passenger Agent,
Corner King and Yonge streets and 20 York street, Toronto.
Telephone Nos. 434 and 435.

ANCHOR LINE
ATLANTIC EXPRESS SERVICE
Liverpool via Queenstown
SS. City of Rome Sails from New York September 5 and October 3.

GLASGOW SERVICE
Steamers every Saturday to Glasgow and Londonderry.
For Rates, Plans and all information, apply to
M. D. Murdoch & Co.
AGENTS, 69 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

The Cunard S.S. Line
is patronized by Toronto's
BEST SOCIETY
Noted for Safety, Elegance and Speed
A. F. WEBSTER
Sole Agent 56 Yonge St

INTERIOR DECORATIONS.



MAGNIFICENT BEDROOM SET.

Manufactured by the Allan Furniture Co., No. 5 King street East, and exhibited by them at the Industrail Fair.

—From a photograph.

RUSSELLS, 9 KING STREET WEST
EXHIBITION SALE
RUSSELLS, 9 KING ST. WEST
WATCHES & JEWELRY
EXHIBITION SALE
1888
Bronze Medal 1884.—GOLD MEDALIST.—Gold Medal 1886

OSTRICH FEATHER DYER
The most reliable place in the City to have Broken and Defective Feathers Re-made into Handsome Feathers, Pom-Poms, Algrettes and Mounts. Feathers Shaded or Dyed in the Late-t French Styles and Colors.
J. W. A. BUTLER, 59 Ray Street (west side, near Wellington) Toronto.

FRENCH
Millinery Emporium
63 KING STREET WEST
(FIRST FLOOR)
After September 25 we will show to the ladies of Toronto the very latest and most attractive fall and winter importations in pattern hats, bonnets and novelties.
MRS. A. BLACK
(MANAGER.)
Formerly No. 1 Rossin House Block.

MAGIC SCALE AGENCY
Cutting Taught by the Best Tailor System
MISS CHUBB, 179 KING ST. WEST
Moving to 426 1-2 Yonge St. October 1st.
SELLING OFF BUSTLES, CORSETS, ETC.

X THE X
WALL PAPERS
AT McCAUSLAND'S ARE
CHARMING AND CHEAP
72 TO 76 KING ST. W.
TORONTO
TEL. 1112

MISS M. DOYLE
Formerly of Yonge street, has removed her Dress and Mantle Making Establishment to 30 Queen street west (opposite Knox Church), where she will be pleased to meet her customers in future. Her work will, as in the past, be first-class.

THE MISSES PLUMMER
MODISTES
Evening Dresses a Specialty. Charges Moderate
14 CHARLES STREET

STILL AHEAD
OF ANYTHING MADE
Men's three Soled Watertight Boot at $2. Boys' All Leather School Boots $1. Child's Cordovan Boots (Hand-made) $1. Ladies' French Kid Button Boots $2.
J. W. McADAM
88 Queen Street West
Telephone 1756

THOMAS MOFFATT
FINE ORDERED BOOTS AND SHOES
A good fit guaranteed, prices moderate, strictly first-class
166 YONGE STREET, TORONTO
THIRD DOOR NORTH OF ALBERT HALL.

Dominion Stained Glass Co.
77 RICHMOND STREET WEST
Memorial Windows and every description of Church and Domestic Art Glass, including
Wheel-Cut, Sand-Cut, Embossed, Bent Glass and Bevelled Plate
Also new and elegant designs in Bevelled, Engraved and Silvered Plate for mantles.
Designs and estimates on application. Telephone 1470.

RITCHIE, BARRETT & CO.
REAL ESTATE BROKERS
15 YONGE STREET ARCADE
Several mansions and handsome residence properties for sale. Those desiring to make a home in Toronto should communicate with us. Telephone 1352.

G. A. CASE
REAL ESTATE BROKER.
25 Adelaide street East - Toronto.
Money to Loan. TELEPHONE 1462.

Walnut, Mahogany, Cherry, Birch, Flooring, Shingles, Lath, Lignumvitæ, Boxwood and Mouldings.
HILLOCK & KENT, Albert Street

Paris Barber Shop
FOR
FIRST-CLASS GENTLEMEN'S WORK
60 King Street East, J. WALTON.

SUMMER WOOD
Cut and split $2.25 per load. Kindling five crates $1.
TRUAX, 56 ADELAIDE ST. WEST

SECOND HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

AN HONEST LOVER.

By the Author of "A Golden Dream," "Kate Massey's Falsehood," "Beatrice's Ambition," "Nothing Like Love," etc.

He could not, however, foresee the character of his sister's opposition. From her pale, scornful face and angry eyes he could seek refuge in One-Tree Cottage or in looking after the affairs of the estate; but when he wrote to his aunt, Lady Massey, telling her the facts of the case and begging her to come to Clitheroe and see Julia, the old lady's cold and contemptuous reply convinced him that his was not the first letter she had received on the subject. His other relatives treated him in the same way; and, bitterly angry, Frank began to give up the idea of the "year's finishing" upon which he had set his heart, and to urge Julia to consent to an immediate marriage. But on this point he found her unexpectedly firm.

"It is not because I do not trust you, Frank," she said. "I know that you will never reproach me with my lowly birth, but until I can move and speak and act before others as your wife should I must not marry you. And, oh, Frank! I have been asking myself, is it right that I should come between you and all your people, your sister——"

"You," interrupted her lover, earnestly, "it is right. A man should give up all for his wife; and, my darling, if you will only consent to marry me at once, I will make you happy. I don't want you altered one bit."

But Julia would not listen to this proposal, although her lover's troubled face and his increasing importunities made her very sorry at times. She had another cause for anxiety, too, in the conduct of her cousin Dennis. This young man had long looked upon Julia as his future wife, and was bitterly jealous of the fine gentleman who had—as he conceived—taken her from him. What with her trouble concerning Frank and the strange behavior of her cousin, it was not surprising that, as the woods about the cottage became tinted with the gold and amber of autumn, Julia's cheeks grew pale and her step somewhat languid.

"So you are trying to turn into a grand lady as soon as you can," said Dennis sneeringly.

"I—I don't understand you," replied Julia.

The young man sat down opposite to her in the parlor, and scanned her fair, scared face deliberately. Dennis was not bad-looking, in spite of his shabby tweed jacket and clumsy boots. He was, like Julia's father, in the service of the railway company, and had a good deal of responsibility on his shoulders.

He leaned forward and took from beside her a copybook in which she had been writing a French exercise, and looked at the weak, scratchy handwriting with a very perceptible sneer.

Julia flushed and snatched the book from his hand.

"You are unkind!" she murmured.

"If you cannot bear my criticism, how are you going to endure that of your husband's friends and relatives—ay, and of your husband himself after a few years, when he is not so madly in love with your pretty face?"

"I don't want to talk to you on the subject; you don't understand, and you dislike Frank," replied the girl hurriedly.

"I have no cause to like him, Julia. Would no one but the girl I love please you him? I have nothing to say against him; he's an honorable gentleman, and means what he says; but you can't expect me to express much affection for him."

Dennis paused, but his young cousin made no reply.

"It is not for anything that I can say against him that I object to this marriage—it is altogether on your account, Julia, that I am sorry for it. I tell you that you will be miserable. You will always have the feeling that you have dragged him down out of his proper station to marry you. All the fine ladies and gentlemen about him will despise him in their hearts; and you will feel that you are the cause of it."

"My love each other!" said Julia, almost sobbing. Her cousin's words seemed but the echo of what her own heart had been telling her for a month past, and she felt them bitterly.

"You love each other!" he said, whistling a bit. "And how long do you think his love will last, with that vixen of a sister and all his grand relatives setting him against you? And I'll wonder at it," continued the young man, standing up, and speaking under strong excitement; "he is doing himself an injury—an irreparable injury—in taking a girl so much below him for his wife. You say you love him. If you do, you will think not of him, but for him—not of his passion for you now, but of the long years to come, when your beauty will be faded and his eyes will be open to his mistake. Oh, Ju," he pleaded, encouraged by the pale, startled face she turned to him, "if you will put this man out of your heart for ever, there is one who has loved you all his life——"

Julia rose up and rushed by him—the passionate tears in her eyes would no longer be kept back; and she had hardly gained her own room before she broke down in an agony of hysterical weeping.

After a little time she lay still and exhausted upon her bed. Every word her cousin had uttered seemed to her unanswerable—indeed he had but spoken her own thoughts.

"If Miss Robin or Lady Massey or any one would only speak a kind word to her, she should have some hope," she told herself drearily; "but I have none now. And Dennis is right; I ought not to come between Frank and all his relatives."

The grief-stricken girl turned her face to the open window, where the roses were climbing, a soft breath of air stirring them from time to time and filling the room with perfume. It was a little after six o'clock now, and she saw her cousin walk across the green plot in front of the cottage to meet her father. To stay and listen to their conversation—to the old man's unconcealed delight at her approaching marriage and Dennis's sneers—was more than she could bear at present. Starting to her feet, she seized her hat, and, running downstairs, was soon in the wood behind the cottage.

She was going to set Frank Clitheroe free, to tell him that she would not wrong him by becoming his wife; and, if she had been about to face death, she could not have gone with slower or more unwilling feet. She sat once or twice to try and check the blinding tears that would drop from her eyes and to think what she would say to her lover; but she could only sob and clasp her hands, and feel that it would be easier—oh, how much easier!—to give up life itself than to relinquish for ever the hope of spending that life at Frank Clitheroe's side.

The daylight was fading and the full moon was deepening from silver-gray to gold as Julia crossed the fence which divided the Chase from the gardens and shrubbery. She went along slowly, with her pale, sorrowful face and noiseless footsteps, until she was quite close to the house. Then, as she passed by a shrub of rare foreign trees that scented all the air about her, some one came and stood in a carved stone balcony above her head. She did not wonder who it was—the footfall told her; and she moved a little so that she could look upon the man she loved, herself unseen. It was like last time, she told herself. When they next meet, there would be scorn and bitter anger between them; but now she could gaze as she would, and take away in her heart a picture that would remain there for ever.

The lamp-light within the room revealed Frank Clitheroe's tall, erect figure and fair head distinctly, as he lounged against the stone rail of the balcony. Julia could not help seeing a harassed and worried look on his handsome face which was not there a month before.

She was about to call softly to him, when she heard a sudden rustle of silken drapery, and his sister Robina, in a glowing costume of amber and scarlet, came and stood beside him.

"Robin," said Frank, turning and putting his hand upon his sister's arm—"dear sister—is it to be peace between us at last?"

Trembling and ashamed, Julia knew not what to do. She could not leave her position without being seen, and to be discovered by Robina Clitheroe secretly spying upon her was more than she could endure; so she stood still, hoping that they would soon go away and release her from her awkward position.

"I have come here to speak to you, Frank," replied his sister, in slow, measured tones, as though she were putting a great restraint upon herself, "because, as you know, I am going away from Clitheroe to-morrow for ever."

"Don't say that, Robin!"

"For ever!" she repeated, with bitter emphasis. "I am twenty-three now—I have lived here all my life—it is my home; and oh, it breaks my heart to leave it! Frank—brother—why are you driving me away?"

"You only torture me, Robin, and yourself also, by such a question," replied Frank, with a tone of manly patience in his voice which thrilled Julia's heart. "You know that I am not driving you from Clitheroe. When my wife comes home, of course she must have the first place."

"And I would have been content that it should be so," cried the girl, losing her self-control as she spoke, "if you had chosen a wife who would have been a sister to me and a true daughter of my father's son! When our parents died, my heart turned wholly to you; and, oh, I was so fond, so proud of my noble brother that I had no room in my heart for any other love! Choose, then, between us, once for all!"

"My choice is already made, Robina," answered the young man, with the same kindly patience that he had manifested before. "You have never loved, therefore you cannot understand what love is. Julia Power is lowly born—well, I shall raise her to my station. She is not educated as you and other ladies are educated—I shall educate her; and, as soon as I can induce her to give me her hand, she shall be my wife."

"If my death," exclaimed Robina, with a violence that was terrible to witness, "could avert this disgrace from our name, I would die now, by my own hand, willingly!"

She pressed her hand to her bosom as she spoke, gazed at her brother sadly for a few moments, and then, without a word, walked slowly into the room through the open window.

For a little while Frank stood still, his face pale and weary. Then he spoke aloud, his eyes turned toward One-Tree Cottage, his words falling softly upon the scented air.

"Good night, my darling—my wife that is to be!" he said, and, turning, disappeared within the house.

Almost blind with weeping, Julia went back by the way she came. She could not trust herself to release him, to part for ever from him that night.

"Oh, how true, how honorable, how good he is!" said the girl to herself, sobbing. "How can I give him up! Oh, what would my life be if he were lost to me for ever!"

When Robina Clitheroe left her brother, she was almost bereft of her senses. She had not spoken to him for some weeks, and she had thought that, if she sacrificed her pride to make one last appeal to him, he would be influenced by her. As she walked down the long room hung with portraits of the Clitheroes of old, she wished that she had fallen dead at her brother's feet.

At the lower end of the room another French window opened on to a flight of stone steps leading down into the garden. As she passed it, an idea occurred to her.

"I will degrade myself still more for the sake of our family honor," she thought bitterly. "I will go to this girl. I believe her to be good and virtuous; perhaps she is proud also. I will throw pride or scorn aside in asking her into giving up Frank—I can but try."

Without waiting to get hat or wrap, she stepped through the open window and went down into the garden. Her blood was coursing wildly through her veins, and the cool evening air felt pleasant to her hot face and neck. She gave no thought to her dress, and, taking the most direct path through the Chase, soon reached the edge of the railway cutting. Without pausing for her breath, she walked slowly, looking down into the dark, rugged gap beside her.

"No wonder father opposed this railway so bitterly!" she thought. "He said nothing but degradation would result from it, and his prophecy has indeed come true!"

Musing thus, she was proceeding leisurely, the beauty and silence of the moonlit scene about her insensibly bringing solace to her heart and causing her to reflect upon the violence of her conduct, when a man stepped suddenly from behind one of the trees and stood before her. Startled and terrified—utterly unused to be out alone so late, with her nerves unstrung by passion and excitement, Miss Clitheroe screamed aloud, and stepped backwards hastily. With an exclamation of alarm, Dennis Power—for it was he—attempted to seize her dress; but she eluded him, and the next moment felt herself falling.

She was conscious of a heavy shock, a sudden sharp pain in her foot and ankle, and then she fainted. When her senses returned to her, she found herself lying at the bottom of the railway cutting, close to the line of rails. Her face and hands were bleeding, and she knew by a sickening, numb feeling, alternating with twitches of intense pain, that her ankle was either badly sprained or broken.

As she lay on the damp earth, too shaken and frightened to think, and yet taking a certain pleasure in her sufferings, she heard a footstep close beside her, and then a man's voice said:

"Are you hurt, Miss Clitheroe?"

"Yes."

"Can you walk if I help you?"

"No, I cannot."

"Will you allow me to lift you—so? You are very light; I will carry you to the house in half an hour."

"No, no; do not touch me!" she almost screamed.

"If I were a gentleman, you would accept my offer and be thankful," said the young man, looking down sullenly at the little gaily dressed figure at his feet.

"But you are not a gentleman," replied Robina, speaking with difficulty, for her lips were cut and bleeding. "Why don't you leave me here to be killed by the next train that passes? You could all go to Clitheroe then, you know, and say I—fainted."

"I will go to Clitheroe now, at all events," he said quietly, although his cheeks flushed at the bitter words, "and tell your brother that you are here. He will bring a carriage, I have no doubt. That is all I can do if you won't let me touch you or lift you."

The last words were put almost questioningly, but the girl did not hear them. An idea had suddenly come to her, and, instead of shrinking from and shuddering at the evil thought that had been born of her own pride, she treasured it in her heart. If Frank were to come here and find her dead, lying across the rails there, a yard beyond her outstretched arm—if he could see her with her body crushed and mangled, and the heart he had trampled on still for ever—this would be revenge indeed, and would show him what despair at his choice had driven the sister who had loved him to do. Robina knew that since that part of the railway had been finished an engine had passed along it every night about ten o'clock—for she had often heard it roar and shriek.

Realising for a moment the horrible nature of the crime she was about to commit, she hesitated. "But is it not my doing," she argued—"it is Frank's; he has driven me to it!"—and she tried desperately to drag herself forward to the rails. It caused her intense pain to move, but she set her teeth firmly together, and did not utter a cry until she lay with her head and shoulders across the line. Then she felt the earth tremble faintly beneath her, and a distant rushing sound fell upon her ears. For a moment all that was good and pure within her rose up and rebelled fiercely against such a crime. She knew that there was time yet to crawl away and live, but she would not. When her brother came, he should find her with the life crushed out of her by the cruel wheels; and then let him marry whom he would—it would be nothing to her!

The sound which was like distant thunder grew louder and more distinct, and far down the line a speck of white light was growing brighter and larger.

"Miss Clitheroe, Miss Clitheroe, do you not see? Oh, drag yourself off the line! Oh, Heaven give me strength to help her!"

Robina turned her eyes from the fast approaching light and looked upwards. Every nerve and muscle in her body was quivering to obey the frantic appeal, but her determined spirit held her still. Kneeling at the edge of the cutting, plainly to be seen against the moonlit sky, Julia Power gazed with a white and agonised face into the darkness below. Robina knew her at once, and even in that awful moment was glad that she was there. Her revenge would be complete if this girl saw her die.

Only for a moment Julia stared down helplessly at her; the next, with a muttered "Heaven help me—I must do something!" she clutched the grass at the top of the cutting and let herself down over the edge, hung there for an instant, her body swaying in the air, and then dropped at least twelve feet on to the ground beneath. The shock threw her upon her face, but the dauntless girl was upon her feet in a moment.

The engine was very close now. The earth was quivering at its near approach, and, as it came on with a rush and a roar, a scream of terror, a cry for mercy, for life, burst from Robina's white lips. But a pair of arms were about her, and a white face was close to hers; and, as she turned and clung to her preserver, who was in imminent and deadly peril herself, she was dragged bodily off the line.

Julia had not been a moment too soon. As she drew the passionate self-willed girl down into the hollow beside the rails, the engine rushed by, and Robina, her clinging arms falling from about Julia's neck, fainted upon her preserver's shoulder.

* * * * * *

The fragrant morning air, coming in a soft breeze across the roses that twined around Julia's window, fanned Robina's Clitheroe's cheeks, and bade her open her dark eyes upon a beautiful world once more. The pain of removing her and dressing her broken ankle was over now, and she had had some hours of uninterrupted sleep.

It was with a sensation of devout thankfulness that she looked about the little room and at the sunshine and flowers without. When she recollected her sin of the previous night—how she had been about to destroy her life while her heart was filled with evil passions—she felt humbly and sincerely grateful for the calm and peace about her, for the life she had so nearly thrown away.

Some one was sitting behind the white curtain at the head of the bed; and, stretching out her hand, Robina said gently—

"Julia!"

The girl rose hastily and knelt down by the bedside, blushing and trembling.

"Julia, forgive me! I have been very wicked, very cruel to you."

"I never thought hardly of you, Miss Clitheroe. I am to blame," said Julia earnestly.

Robina made no reply for a few minutes, but lay silently looking at the brown head so near her; then she asked:

"Is Frank here?"

"Yes, I am here. You have been asleep, Robin!" Frank entered the room as he spoke and bent over his sister. He saw that she held Julia's hand in hers, and he said softly, "Friends at last, dear?"

"Yes, Frank; she has forgiven me," answered Robina, pressing the hand that trembled so in hers. "She saved me, at the risk of her own life, not from death only, but from death by my own hand. Yes—I, an educated lady, well born and well bred, taught and trained all my life to walk in the right path—I was about to commit the sin for which there is no time for repentance; and this child—my enemy, as I always called her—risked her life to save me!"

"I did not know that," said Frank, in a low tone; while Julia laid her brown head on the pillow and kissed the face that was so like and yet so unlike her lover's.

It was under Miss Clitheroe's charge, after all, that Julia went to Madame Veve's; and, when she had spent a year in that select establishment, it was Miss Clitheroe who stood behind her at the altar, the chief of her six bridesmaids; and many people observed how soft and tender Robina's bright eyes became whenever they fell upon her new sister.

Julia was as gracious and noble a mistress of Clitheroe and as good and fair a lady as ever reigned there; for with her and with her husband honor and love went hand in hand, and the happy pair shed blessings upon all around them.

Equal to the Emergency.

Well-informed, but near-sighted man—Come here, good doggie! Dogs, my dear, are the most intelligent members of the brute creation——

Well-informed man (with great presence of mind)—And one of their most interesting habits, my dear, is to shake themselves violently, after they had been in the water!—*Puck.*

Love Letters in Court.

Newspapers have a rage for publishing love letters that are produced as evidence in breach of promise and divorce cases. That would be bad enough for the parties concerned if they corrected the grammar and orthography, but they won't do it. They take delight in reproducing these amatory and damaging epistles with all their imperfections on their head. If the infatuated lover tells his inamorata that she is his "dere luv" and he "kneads her every our," that is the way it goes into the paper. If he promises her "a dir cloke" it is spelled that way in type. And if in a hurried and, as it often proves, unguarded moment he alludes to her as his "betroved," the pitiless proofreader couldn't be bribed with any amount of money to substitute the conventional way of spelling the word. These things are particularly harrowing to the father of the incomplete letter-writer, whose shame at the publication of the correspondence is mingled with the mortifying thought that he has squandered money on the young man's education. The safest way is not to write love letters, but if you do it would be advisable to have them corrected and revised by some expert in grammar, orthography and punctuation before mailing them, so that in case they get into court and the newspapers you may not be set down as illiterate, however much you may be suspected of being a fool.

Anything He Could Get.

"I suppose," said the judge, as he turned to the burglar, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "in your business you take anything you can get?"

"Yes, my lord," replied the prisoner, noting with satisfaction the judge's pleasant expression, and beginning to feel encouraged.

"Oh! As I thought," replied the judge, with more twinks. "Well, I have a sentence of four years at hard labor that's beginning to get mouldy from lying about unused, and if you would just take it away with you, it would be better for all concerned."

And then everybody laughed except the burglar.

Knew Him.

He was a great swell, one of the affable, polite kind, who had worked all his life to get the reputation of knowing everybody. He prided himself on his tact, and flattered himself he knew exactly the degree of familiarity to extend to any given degree of life. He was a great card in the best society. He never made any mistakes; when he was not quite sure who it might be, he relied upon his instinct. He was walking in great state down the street, and a quiet respectable-looking man, a man with a solid kind of business air about him, was coming towards him. He remembered the face; he was sure he knew him, and he did not want to be impolite. The man looked at him as if the recognition were mutual. That was enough. When he did anything, he did it with all his heart. He stopped and held out his hand, and his grasp was full of cordiality. "How do you do? Haven't seen you for an age. You are looking well. Where are you located now?" "Same place—butler at Mrs. McGee's."

Fear of sickness is the first call for the doctor; the rest is only a question of time.

St. Charles Restaurant

LUNCHEON AND DINING ROOMS

70 YONGE STREET

Next door to Dominion Bank.

Just opened (up stairs) the Handsomest Dining Room in the City for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor as usual.

F. MOSSOP, Proprietor.

J. YOUNG

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER

347 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 679.

CYCLORAMA

Front and York Streets, Toronto.

NOT A MOVING PANORAMA BUT AN ACTUAL

BATTLE FIELD

Open every work day from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

ADMISSION 50c., CHILDREN 25c.

Every Saturday Night from 7 to 10:30

ADMISSION 25c.

BATTLE OF SEDAN

THE CHARLES ROGERS AND SONS CO.

95 and 97 Yonge St.

The Leading House for Fine Furniture

THE

LATEST DESIGNS

IN BEST WORKMANSHIP.

LOWEST PRICES

Comparison Solicited—No Trouble to Show Goods.

THE CHARLES ROGERS & SONS CO.

95 and 97 Yonge St., Toronto.

1888 EXHIBITION 1888

When visiting the Industrial Exhibition, do not fail to see the exhibition of

Trunks, Valises,

Purses, Baskets,

Satchels,

Dressing and Writing Cases

AT

H. E. CLARKE & Co

105 KING STREET WEST

TORONTO

Steam Laundry

106 YORK STREET

LATE

54 WELLINGTON STREET WEST

Has removed to their new premises, erected specially for the Laundry business, 106 York Street, a few doors north of King Street.

G. P. SHARPE.

The Danger of Relying on Averages.

Uncle 'Rastus—'Pears to me, Brer Yallerby, dat dar am a trifiin' obliquity 'bout yo' chilluns understandin's.

Brer Yallerby—Well, takin' 'em individoo-ally, Uncle Rastus, dat seems to be a fack; but collectively, yo' see, de opposition ob de lines ob beauty makes 'em av'rage up pretty straight!—*Puck.*

From Out the Pines.

The doctors have just said that there is no hope for me; that I may die to-morrow; perhaps, indeed, to-night. But they did not tell me that. Had they done so I could have told them better; but they did not. They went out softly to the other room, shutting the door, lest I should hear them whisper it to Minnie—my niece Minnie—who takes care of me, and who cried, yes, absolutely cried, when they had gone away.

They shut the door, I say, but ah, I laughed at that! Little do these doctors know how keen grows the eye, how sharp the ear, how eager the dull mind and clear the brain, as one draws near the shore and footsteps into breaks off the Lake of Death fanning the sunken cheeks. Sometimes, while lying here, I have heard the neighbors in the room beyond talking about my chances in the battle with the "shadow grim," and wondering and planning what had best be done after all was over with me; and I have been tempted to call out that I heard them, and tell them to be gone, but then, why should I? They are good neighbors, the neighbors go and they have meant no harm to Minnie; so I let them alone, nor did I speak to them at all, only it used to worry me a little—not that is over now.

But so I heard the doctors, as they told Minnie this morning; and afterward, when she came into my room, I pretended not to see the pretty eyes all red and weighed with tears, or hear the tremor in the sweet, young voice. I merely asked for pen and paper, and to be alone a while. She brought them, drew up the little table within reach, and went out. I was left alone—yet not alone, for the spirit of the dead woman is here beside me now, giving me feverish strength to write the words that may at last bring peace to her soul and mine.

I am an old man now, yet, how clear it seems before my eyes—clearer than the memory of yesterday—that bright, sunshiny morning long years ago, when I joined hand and fortune with three other men (all now dead but me, and I am dying). But then, ah then, we were so young and brave and strong and full of boyish dreams of wealth and love, and manhood's happiness!

We were out locating mining claims among the Rocky Mountains, and for seven wild weeks we worked on side by side, scanning anxiously the sands that ran beneath our feet for signs of the gleaming yellow dust. But, so far, all in vain.

One day it came my turn to hunt the game for camp, and in the clear, bright morning I started off, whistling light-hearted snatches as I went; for, ah, how could I see, with my duller eyes, the "wee, small cloud" then gathering in the west?

The game was hard to track, and led me farther and farther up hills and down glens, so that when I turned my face toward camp the night was falling around me, and with it came the conviction that I had lost my way. But what of that? I was young and fearless, and a night spent in that far canyon, with the white stars for my candles and the wind soughing through the dark rock pines above me, would be filled with pleasant dreams, not idle fears. So I stood still, and looking about me, for the safest spot on which to set stakes, I saw just a little before me, in the glen below, a small clearing, and beyond a cluster of trees. I made up my mind to go to this clearing, and had just started, when suddenly a shrill, piercing scream rang out on the quiet air, seeming to come from the shadow of the trees beyond, and echoing down the long ravine, like the cry of a lost soul. Again it came, as I stood there, for at first I hesitated at going toward it, fearing a panther trap. Then once again it rose, shivering through the darkness, "Oh, help, help, for the pity of God!"

Then I knew what it meant. No panther cries like that. Swinging myself down from ledge to ledge, I was soon on the little clearing, then on into the gloom of the dark tree cluster, led by the cries that had now sunk into pitiful sobs and moans.

Just beyond the edge of the woods, through the trees, I saw a ray of light, and tracking it, I soon came up to a miserable old shanty—a miner's hut. Within this shanty were the sobs, as of a young girl; and every sob was accompanied by a curse and a dull swish of some heavy lash as it flew through the air and fell upon the quivering flesh. For a moment I paused, the next I had burst open the miserable door, and stood gazing on a picture that has haunted me through all my life. Here, in the low, unfinished room, lit by an old lantern that hung suspended from a beam across the center of the roof, stood an old gray haired, gray bearded man. Man, did I say? No, rather devil, fiend in flesh and blood! There he stood with a long cattle whip raised for another blow, and at his feet lay a young girl, scarcely more than a child, with her long, black hair all tangled about her face and matted with blood upon her breast. Blood was upon her face, her dress, her feet and on the floor. Ah, what a sight it was!

One glance, and I had caught the old fiend by the throat, and flung him senseless on the floor beyond. Then I took the poor little lassie in my arms, brushed back the matted curls from her white face, and gave her a drink from my hunting flask. She soon revived and stood up before me. Drawing the tattered frock across her bruised and bleeding breast, she looked at me with a sort of dazed, childish wonder, but with no sign of fear. Ah, I can see her now, just as she stood there, tall and lithe and graceful as the young fir trees growing by the door, with her long black hair, black as a dream of darkness, and her eyes, eyes with the changing mystery of the night, the passion of the storm winds in their depths.

"Who is he?" I asked her, pointing to the man who lay there, stirring faintly.

"He!" Oh, he says he is my father, but he lies; he always lies!" came the answer in hot, passionate sobs, while her dark eyes glowed with the memory of hate and pain.

"And you?" I asked.

"Me! Oh, I am Carma, and I have always lived here, only to be beaten and beaten by that man—he will kill me sometime, I suppose!" she said in a dreary little voice, where pitiful despair seemed giving way before the hope of death.

I stayed there all that night. About daybreak the old man pulled himself together, looked at us for a moment, and, muttering curses, turned and went off down among the trees. But when I too would have left the poor child clung to me, and begged and prayed that I should not leave her there alone.

"He is only hiding down there till he sees you go; then he will come back and kill me," she whispered, trembling and fearful at the thought.

So I stayed, won by the glorious beauty of those eyes.

And that day, and the next, and yet the next went by and found me there, content. Carma soon forgot her terror, and laughed in happy glee as she sat beside me under the stilly trees. And I forgot my comrades up the long ravine, and all my gold dreams faded from my mind; for ah, I loved the wild wood flower I had found beneath the pines, and she—oh, the memory of her love for me!

She told me of herself in those sweet days, how she had always lived there with that fiend, seeing no other face but his, hearing no sound but the shrill cry of the panther through the dark. She wore a little locket in her breast, with the face of a woman in it—a face beautiful as the angels, with eyes like Carma's own. Her father, she said, had told her once it was the face of her mother, who had died at Carma's birth. "And then he struck me and went off, and stayed for many days," she said, shivering with the memory of his brutal blows. I comforted her as best I could and lingered on.

One morning, our stock of venison getting low, I started off again in search of game. Carma stood in the doorway and watched me out of sight. I had good luck that day, and went hurrying homeward in the twilight, listening to catch the first notes of greeting song, but all was still—too still, I thought. Then, suddenly, there was one long, wild scream, one such as called me to her side before, and I knew that the fiend had come back. Rushing madly forward, I reached the door in time to see the villain seize my darling by the throat and plunge a long dirk knife into her breast; to see her totter, fall heavily, and then—then my senses left me, and I knew nothing of what I was doing for some time.

When I recovered I was kneeling before the dead body of the girl I loved, while close to us lay her murderer, with the long knife in his blackened heart—for I, too, bore the mark of death.

Somehow—I know not how—I staggered to my feet, and seizing my gun, went out, leaving the dead together in the accursed hut.

The next few weeks are a blank to me, but my old friend, Totten, told me that one day I was found by some hunters more dead than alive, in a glen, far off from the bloody scene. They said I had lost my way, and had fainted from starvation, where they found me. I never told them otherwise.

Three years after that I was in San Francisco, living with a friend, a great criminal lawyer there. He told me of many things and in the conversation spoke of a case he had tried two years before of a young girl accused of murdering her father. Then the tale came out.

My darling was not dead, as I supposed, when I left her, but rather in that awful swoon which is twin sister to death. A party of miners, passing down the canyon some days after the tragedy, saw the cabin hid among the pines, and going in found the old man lying dead on the floor, with the girl crouching beside him. When questioned, she would answer nothing, but that the crime was here. "I killed him. Yes, I killed him; don't you see?" was all she said when they spoke to her; so she was taken to San Francisco, tried and sentenced to, sentenced to a prison cell for life, for the cruel murder of her father! Such is the usual justice of our land. She never faltered, never wavered through all the slow tortures of those terrible days, shielding the man she loved at the price of her own soul, bowing her glorious head to the accursed blow, bearing the ignominy and deathless shame of crime, simply, that the one she loved—and who deserted her—might live on in honor and escape the storm; for she saw me, saw her lover, strike the fatal blow.

"And she, does she still live?" I gasped out, as the lawyer paused a moment to pour out a glass of wine.

"Ah, no," he said; "she fainted when the sentence was pronounced, and was carried across the street to the hospital, where she died the next night. I went over to see her there, and, just as the sun went down she half rose up, put out her hand, as if reaching toward some one in the dark, murmured a name, and then fell back, asleep!"

"A name! What name?" I whispered, for my voice had grown weak, and he was watching me, quizzically, if not suspiciously.

"What name! Why, strangely enough, it was your own," he said, adding, "Good God, Jasper, what's the matter, man! Here, drink this and come out into the air!"

I drank the brandy he poured out for me; followed him out into the sunshine that has ever since been to my soul but a shadow; out among the jangling bells of the songs and merry laughter of this great, busy world, only to hear ever, amidst it all, the dying moanings of the woman that I loved.

Now I lived, knowing what little I could in my own strange way, to drag out a life, burdened with this double curse of Cain, without drawing any other human heart within the awful shadow of my sin. And so to-night, as the great sun goes down behind the purple hill tops, I stretch out my hands into the darkness, and touching here, made clean by this, my true confession, of an shade of guilt, or shame, I turn my tired face toward the waiting stars, and with her own sweet name upon my dying breath, I go to meet her in that land beyond.

NEW CASHMERES, HENRIETTA CLOTHS

ALL-WOOL PLAIDS AND FOULE SERGE

CASE AFTER CASE OF DRESS GOODS NOVELTIES

We are equal to the occasion. If you don't see what you want, ask for it. It is pretty sure to be here.

CASHMERE AND HENRIETTA CLOTHS—Two cases just opened. All the new shades in the finest double width material—prices from 45c. the double width yard.

ALL-WOOL PLAIDS—Beautiful soft, clinging material, the latest patterns and newest colors. A large lot to choose from.

AMAZON COSTUME CLOTH—Double-width, all the new shades and fashionable soft tints—some as low as 50c. a yard.

FOULE SERGE OR INDIAN CASHMERE, ALSO BORDERED COSTUME CLOTHS—Large choice from elegant samples. Latest colors and lowest prices.

STORE OPEN EVERY SATURDAY UNTIL 7 O'CLOCK

R. WALKER & SONS, TORONTO AND LONDON

The Married Life of Dickens and Carlyle.

A correspondent, who has read with interest Mrs. Caird's article on Marriage and the interview with that lady published in our columns last week, sends us the subjoined communication. It will be observed that he makes no attempt to prove anything either one way or the other, but contents himself with briefly setting forth a few facts concerning the married life of Dickens and of Carlyle, merely pointing out that, as it seems to him, in the one case a mutually agreed upon separation resulted in disaster, while in the other the marriage bond, though strained, remained unbroken, as it was best for both that it should. We print his note without further introduction.

The marriage of the future, as I understand it from Mrs. Caird's famous article and the interview published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is to be a contract which shall, in the event of certain contingencies happening, be dissoluble at the instance of either party. Mrs. Caird protests—and rightly protests—against any inference being drawn of what will happen when a new relation is legalized from the occurrences which take place when that same relation is under a ban. Yet I think I may be allowed to point out that there are two remarkably apposite cases in the literary history of the last fifty years or so, in each of which I have no doubt Mrs. Caird would have advocated voluntary separation. In the one case—and here there were several children—such a separation did actually take place; in the other, a childless marriage, the pair, in the face of the gravest misunderstanding, lived together till death them did part, and not only refrained from generalize upon these two cases; whatever weight they may possess will, I make no doubt, be ultimately accorded to them.

Charles Dickens married at the age of twenty-four. His wife was the sister of a brother journalist; for at the time of his marriage Dickens was still parliamentary reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*. The young couple appear to have lived very happily together for some years; she bore him a considerable number of children, and his references to her are always of an affectionate character. Years rolled on, and the reporter became a rich and famous novelist. He amassed considerable wealth; his books were in everybody's hands, and his name became a household word. Dickens and his wife lived together for twenty years. How the estrangement which eventually ended in their separation arose it is very difficult to discover; Mr. Forster, as becomes an experienced and discreet biographer, touches the episode as lightly as possible. But, it seems to me, there is every reason to accept the statement of Dickens' latest biographer (Mr. Frank Marzials) that for some time previous to 1858 Dickens was in an "over-excited, nervous, morbid state." He was feverish, and could not be quiet. As Harriet Martineau remarked, "It must have been terribly wearing to his wife." And, on the other hand, Mrs. Dickens' dissatisfaction must have reacted upon her husband's peculiar frame of mind. Things could not go on like this for long. We find him writing to Forster: "Poor Catherine and I are not made for each other, and there is no help for it. It is not only that she makes me uneasy and unhappy, but that I make her so too, and much more so. She is exactly what you know in the way of being amiable and complying, but we are strangely ill-assorted for the bond there is between us. Her temperament will not go with mine." Such a letter only too clearly foreshadowed the end, and they parted soon afterwards. She was not present at Gadshill when her husband died; one does not know whether she was sent for or not; one only knows that it was the arm of his wife's sister, and not that of his wife, which supported him as he rose dying from his dinner-table. Dickens' reference to his wife in his will, made a year before his death, is anything but affectionate. There is no mention of a "second best bed with furniture," such as Shakespeare bequeathed to his wife; but instead of it we find a self-gratulatory sentence which reads almost like a reproach, "And I desire here simply to record the fact that my wife since our separation by consent has been in the receipt from me of an annual income of £600, while all the great charges of a numerous and expensive family have devolved wholly upon myself." In this wise the mournful chapter is brought to a close.

We pass from the consideration of the married life of Charles Dickens to contemplate that of Thomas Carlyle—

My soul turn from them: turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display.

When Carlyle married he had still to win position and independence from that sternest of taskmasters, Literature. No kindly fate smiled upon him, rendering his first book so successful that he might command a small fortune for everything he wrote afterwards. For years he and his brave little wife could scarcely make ends meet. A solitary farm house like Craigenputtock, with a taciturn husband for company, is not a thing exactly calculated to promote sweetness of disposition in a woman. Nor, on the other hand, do years of unremitting unremunerative and unrecognized literary labor conduce to suavity of demeanor in a man. Mrs. Carlyle was a remarkably clever woman, unequalled in the art of saying bitter and mordant things. "Charming lady, witty, brilliant, affectionately playful as she naturally was," remarks Mr. Froude, "she had a hot temper, and a tongue, when she was angry, like a cat's, which would take the skin off at a touch." She and Carlyle often misunderstood one another; possibly they may not have been altogether well matched, but certainly quarrelled. Rising from the perusal of Mrs. Carlyle's "Memorials" and Froude's "Life of Carlyle," one is almost tempted to believe that it might have been well if they could have separated. And yet would it have been well? Assuredly not. For, in spite of all vain surface shows in spite of Carlyle's everlasting grumbling and frequent neglect of his wife; in spite of Mrs. Carlyle's "heart-cutting words;" in spite even of Lady Ashburton—the pair loved each other with a love that was intense and enduring.

Misleading.

"What in thunder do you mean by coming in here to get your head bandaged?" said the indignant proprietor to a battered tramp. "This is a plumber's shop and ain't no hospital by a jugful."

"Why don't yer take in yer sign then?" said the battered tramp, pointing to the legend "Tanks Repaired."

An Increase in Value.

Mr. S. U. Burr—Want six dollars for your pup, Mac? Why, only yesterday you told me the price was five!

McKaynine—Oi know it, sor; but the beast is only just after eatin' a dollar-bill I dhropped lashts nought; bad luck to him!—*Puck.*

A Russian Romance.

It was early morning in the pretty little village of Werchobistritzkiol; and Solovitch was but an hour high in the glowing heavens; the dew was still sparkling on the grass. Early as it was, the villagers were astir. Michaelovonovitch Pandaleurikio, the village baker, had taken down his wooden shutters, and had given morning greeting to Nicholiskkiovitch Diauksekikiskoff, the grocer across the street, who was sweeping the pavement in front of his little store.

Simeonskiovitch, the butcher, and Mandalszickoffski, the milkman, were merrily joking with old Dietwonsmikiskoff, the Medlariovitch, the cobbler, before his little shop.

The door of a vine-clad little cottage opened suddenly, and a maiden clad in white appeared and walked towards the thick, dark, cool forest, back of the village. She was Alexievonamagdra Lesschneiffovitch, daughter of the wealthiest man in the village. By her side gambolled her little white dog Fidovelovitch. He ran barking from her side in mad pursuit of a golden butterfly; returning, he jumped up before his mistress, soiling her pretty white gown with his wet and dirty paws.

"Down, Fidovelovitch!" she said, chidingly: "down, do, I say! Oh, dear, is it thou, Dimitredistovelokoff" Nicholasonoval Volenkiskiskiovonovitch?

"Ha! O, Alexievonamagdra Lesschneiffovitch," said the young man; for it was a young man who had come suddenly from the forest.

"Why art thou sad, my Dimitredistovelokoff?" asked the maiden, noting his gloomy face.

"Ah, Alexievonamagdra, if I could only know that I was indeed thy Dimitredistovelokoff," he replied, sadly.

"What means: thou, Dimmy?" she said, tenderly.

"Ha! dost thou not know? Thy father has not told thee? Last night I spoke to him about our marriage. He spurned me, and said thou wert to wed old Simeonnokolokoffskivitch, the rich vineyard owner."

"Simeonnokolokoffskivitch!" gasped the maiden. "I marry him! Never! I would sooner wed with old Zokosokosokoff, the one-legged serf!"

"My darling!" cried Nicholasonoval Volenkiskiskiovonovitch, clasping her to his breast: "Come! Let us fly! My little yacht, the white-winged Delovonoskiffiduk, lies there on the bosom of the Ritchkiskaffodasski Lake; let us fly to Szastoserskaiastoff, or to beautiful Komorovogetzki, on the banks of th Dinovilskiddiskiskiovonovitch—come, love!"

"My Dimitredistovelokoff Nicholasonoval Volenkiskiovonovitch!" she cried, sinking wearily into his arms, after speaking his full name twice: "I am thine!"

Safe Deposit.

Bank president (to prospective depositor)—Our system, sir, I flatter myself is absolutely perfect. You cannot possibly have only to drop your money at the window and go home without worrying."

Prospective depositor—But how do you guard against possible defalcation?"

President—Sir, the cashier is confined in a boiler-iron cage with only one door. This opens by a patent trigger-and-lever lock, which is adjusted exactly to his weight, and if he were to attempt to skip with the lightest sort of a satchel he would only bring a bomb down on his head!"

At Manhattan Beach.

He—Don't you love the Last Rose of Summer?

She—Yes, I suppose so; but it is the first green peas of summer that gets away with me.

ATTEND

B. SPAIN'S

GRAND OPENING OF

FALL FABRICS

TO BE HELD

SATURDAY, SEPT. 15th, 1888

AT HIS

TEMPLE OF FASHION

455 Queen St. West

CHERRY MANTELS,
MAHOGANY MANTELS,
WALNUT MANTELS,
OAK MANTELS.

The Best Houses in Toronto fitted up with

MILLICHAMP'S MANTELS

SHOWROOMS:

31 Adelaide Street East, City.

GOOD BOOKS for SUMMER READING

A Life Interest—By Mrs. Alexander, 30 cts.
A False Heart—By Clyde Hanby Smart, 30 cts.
Marvel—By the Duchess, 30 cts.
Mona's Choice—By Mrs. Alexander, 30 cts. (40 cts.
From The Other Side—By the Author of Olive Varcoe,
Scheherazade—By Florence Warden, 30 cts. (30 cts.
The Passenger from Scotland Yard—By H. F Woods,
King or Knave?—By R. E. Francillon, 30 cts.
The Wrong Road—By Major Arthur Griffiths, 30 cts.
A Real Good Thing—By Mrs. Edward Kennard, 30 cts.
Chris—By W. E. Norris, 30 cts.
A Glorious Gallop—By Mrs. Edward Kennard, 25 cts.
The Devil's Die—By Grant Allen, 30 cts.
Old Blazer's Hero—By David Christie Murray, 30 cts.
Breezie Langton—By Capt. Hawley Smart, 30 cts.
The Heir of Linne—By Robt. Buchanan, 30 cts.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

The Toronto News Company, Publishers' Agents

LADIES

When you turn your attention to

HOUSE CLEANING

This Fall, please remember that you can have your

CARPETS RENOVATED

Without removing from the floor, by the

Toronto Carpet and Plush Renovating Co

389 1-2 YONGE STREET.

A Perfect Sewing Machine.

Some of the advantages enjoyed by users of the Empress sewing machines compared with others: 1st. The Empress is more convenient to handle. 2nd. It is lighter running. 3rd. It does its work better. 4th. It is practically noiseless. 5th. It is cleaner and does not drop oil or soil the work. 6th. It will not run backwards, breaking thread and needles, but always goes the right way. 7th. The Empress is the only machine with a work-basket.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIAL.

GENTLEMEN,—As a practical machinist I have much pleasure in recommending the "Empress" Sewing Machine. It is built on approved principles that are a guarantee of durability and accuracy and the arrangement of its parts make it the lightest running lock-stitch sewing machine I have seen. The machine I bought from you a year ago is giving the best of satisfaction. Yours truly,

D. H. McKAY,
19 Gloucester street.

Machines Sent on Approval.

EMPRESS SEWING MACHINE CO.

49 King street west, Toronto.

DOMINION BREWERY

ROBT. DAVIES

Brewer and Maltster,

QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO

For fine Ales and Porter, ask your Grocer and Liquor Merchant for the DOMINION BRANDS, which are

India Pale, Amber Ale, XXX Porter,

And what is popularly known as the

"WHITE LABEL."

These are brewed from the best Malt and Hops, and are not surpassed by either English or Home Ales and Porter.

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER

40,000 in Daily Use

We give purchasers privilege of returning machine, unbroken, any time within thirty days, and refund full purchase price, if not absolutely satisfactory in every respect.

GEO. BENGOUGH, 36 King Street East

Wirt Fountain Pen

The greatest invention of the age. Writes the instant it touches paper and *never* fails. The cheapest and best on the market.

AGENTS WANTED.

Write for circulars.

CHAS. H. BROOKS

Canadian Agent,
Public Library Building, Toronto.

JOHN LABATT, London, Ont.
JAMES GOOD & CO., SOLE AGENTS, TORONTO.

Received the highest awards for purity and excellence at Philadelphia, 1876; Canada, 1878; Australia, 1879, and Paris, 1878.

Rev. P. J. Ed. Page, Professor of Chemistry, Laval University, Que., says: "I have analyzed the India Pale Ale manufactured by John Labatt, London, Ont., and have found it a light ale, containing but little alcohol, of a delicious flavor and of a very agreeable taste and superior quality, and compares with the best imported ales. I have also analyzed the Porter, XXX Stout, of the same Brewery, which is of an excellent quality; its flavor is very agreeable it is a tonic and energetic than the above ale, for it is a little richer in alcohol, and can be compared advantageously with any imported article."

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

No subscription taken for less than three months.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. I] TORONTO, SEPT. 22, 1888. [No. 43

The Exhibition of 1888.

The exhibition, after a two weeks' successful run, closes its doors to-day. Nothing succeeds like success, and assuredly the latter has attended the efforts of the directors from the society's inception up to the present date. In bygone years favorable weather has assisted us, but it is not by chance or good luck that the Industrial has attained to this position of assured success. The latter is but the logical outcome of shrewed foresight and executive ability, admirably seconded by hard work and persistent effort on the part of men who have been selected to carry out this work.

The Industrial Exhibition of 1888 has deserved the hearty support of our citizens and our country cousins, and we are glad to know that it has received that which it has so well deserved.

Haul Down That Flag.

After many years of koodooing to the American flag a portion of our citizens have awakened to the idea that the Stars and Stripes must go.

The absence of the American flag at the pavilion on the occasion of Lord Stanley's visit last week, was an eminently proper thing. The viceroy represented the throne on that occasion, and monarchs love not to gaze upon the emblems of a foreign power within their own domains. Strict etiquette required that the Union Jack alone should be visible and strict etiquette was duly and properly observed.

On the other hand our pettishness in withdrawing the American flag from the Exhibition buildings is childish, to say the least of it. One of the primary objects of the first exhibition in 1851, and succeeding exhibits was to bring the nations together in peace and amity, and in such a connection the more foreign bunting displayed, the better. True our relations with our neighbors have been slightly strained of late, but, up to date, Canada has not passed out second in the matter of dignity and self-respect. Let us, by all means, present an unyielding front to any infringements of our rights, but let bluster and pettishness be conspicuous by their absence from our national programme.

Young Hayseed.

With the better half of his savings in his pocket Young Hayseed reaches town during Exhibition week and proceeds at once to make things hum. The quiet home life, the hens, the pigs, the foddering of cattle, the mending of fences and the thousand-and-one duties of farm life are forgotten in the all-absorbing idea of seeing the sights and painting the town a bright vermillion.

His is not an idea born of yesterday. No indeed. Away back in the early spring, ere yet the snow had melted in the valleys, he had dreamed of the good time coming. Now it is here, and with it we behold the healthy, tanned countenance, and generous feet of Young Hayseed.

We all know him, and recognize him at a glance the moment he steps into our midst. He rises from his bed at the cheap hotel or boarding house at an early hour, and long before the breakfast bell is heard, he is traversing the streets.

During this early walk he stumbles across a fellow agriculturist from his own neighborhood and the two immediately join forces and proceed to make a day of it. About the middle of the day the Exhibition turnstile registers the admission of Hayseed and his friend in a fairly presentable condition. After a critical survey of the cattle pens, the worthy pair wander around the grounds, working the growler in the meantime with praiseworthy assiduity, and as the evening shadows fall prepare to seek once more the whirl and dissipation of city life.

By this time the condition of the twain is hilarious to a degree. The restraining influence of country bashfulness has departed under the influence of the ardent. Just about this period, also, Young Hayseed becomes vain-glorious, and seeks the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth. And most assuredly he finds it. He always does; such is the invariable luck of obstreperous Hayseeds searching for gore. But he doesn't find it nearly so entrancing as he has been led to expect. Sweeping the pavement i n't nearly so pleasant when one has to play the part of the broom. Fired out of a saloon in double-quick time by the little bulldog looking bartender, whom he has wantonly insulted, Young Hayseed is gathered into the fold by the strong arm of the Law, and, bruised and battered, his aching senses awaken next morning where the early sunlight throws a stray gleam athwart the cheerless walls of the "cooler."

A few hours later he has the privilege of contributing his little mite to the city treasury, and, with the parting advice of the P. M. ringing in his ears, Young Hayseed wanders forth to freedom once more. But he has only one thought, one yearning now—to get home again—and, the old farm reached once more, for months after he paralyses the boys, who meet on Sundays at the cross-roads fence, with an account of the "bully" time he had "down to Toronty" in the fall.

The Kimball Opera Company gains in popularity with each performance, and worthily so. The freshness of its choristers and the beauty of their dresses, with the really clever marching of this little company, afford most gratifying amusement, while the acting and stage management are excellent. The singing, which after all is an important factor in an operatic performance, is perhaps not all that is to be desired, while the orchestral work is frequently bad; but the seeker for musical amusement somehow overlooks this, for the whole presentation is delightfully natural and absolutely without any straining after the conventional stage effects of operatic singers. Prince Methusalem last week was an improvement on the Lace Handkerchief, as the company had shaken down and got into better working order, and as the music is in many places brighter.

•

On Monday evening the Princess of Trebizonde received its first representation, and is, so far, by all odds the funniest of the season, though we do not get much music in it. Here and there the wicked old Offenbachian trick of slashing, dashing music comes in, and reminds one of the days when this genial old composer possessed the charms of novelty. A pretty effect is made in the second act when a duetti from his Magic Melody is interpolated. The acting in this opera is broader and more comic than in the others, and the waggeries of Messrs. Chapman, Bell and Winter come fast and furious. Miss Julia Earnest, a new aspirant for Toronto favor, developed a most sprightly and effervescent humor as Regina, and contributed largely to the success of the Princess.

•

The great Birmingham festival came off successfully on August 28, opening with the time-honored Elijah, which for forty-two times, with one solitary exception, has been the opening number of this great musical event. Herr Carl Richter conducted, and the principal soprano part was sung by our country woman, Mme. Albani, who never sang with greater brilliancy or impressiveness. The others were a rare party: Mme. Patey, Mme. Trebelli, Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Charles Santley. Dvorak's Stabat Mater was sung in the evening, when the Jupiter Symphony, Liszt's third Rhapsodie and the Oberon Overture were played. On the second day Dr. Herbert Parry's new oratorio, Judith, was produced, and is spoken of as one of the most masterly compositions of the kind since the Elijah, being an intellectual and scholarly work, though wanting in the musical inspiration and flow of melody that distinguish Mendelssohn's great work. Franz's 117th Psalm for unaccompanied double choir, also a novelty, and Haydn's symphony in D closed this concert.

•

On Wednesday evening Sullivan's Golden Legend was performed, with Mme Albani, Mme. Trebelli, Mr. Lloyd, and Sig. Foli as soloists, who gave magnificent renditions, while the chorus was surperb. The other numbers at this concert were Grieg's concert-overture, In Autumn; Oh, Abscheulicher, from Fidelio, and the Meistersinger Vorspiel. On Thursday morning The Messiah was sung, the solos being sung by Mme. Albani, Mme. Patey, Signor Foli and Mr. Banks, a Birmingham man, who made his festival debut, and whose voice and style much resembles that of Sims Reeves. The evening performance saw the production of Dr. Bridge's cantata, Callichoe, which scored a success, having an engaging subject, most felicitously treated. The cantata was followed by Grieg's Orchestral Fantaisie, The Meistersinger Preislied sung by Mr. Lloyd, the Meistersinger Entr'acte, and Brahm's Academische Fest Overture. The Festival closed with the performance of Bach's Magnificat, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and Berlioz, grand Messe des Morts.

The Toronto College of Music was opened on Monday, and the large attendance of students showed very conclusively the high estimation Mr. Torrington is held in, and also the undoubted fact that its establishment is most opportune, and is just what the embryo musical world required.

•

On Thursday next Signor Agramonte will give a concert at the Pavilion, forming the first event of the season, at which the performers will be Mrs. Agnes Thomson, Miss A. Robinson, Miss A. Langstaff, Miss Harrita Cheney, Miss Sedohr Rhodes, Miss Maude Hare, Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mr. G. H. Mackenzie, Mr. J. F. Kirk, Mr. H. M. Blight and Mr. J. F. Thomson, assisted by Mr. Carlos Hasselbrink, who is the concertmeister of the great Seidl orchestra. MEYNOMOME.

Profanity Among the English.

I heard an Englishman say not long ago that the reason he liked to be associated with a certain man in business, although that man was not very prompt in paying him his salary, was, that he always spoke to him as a gentleman, and never swore at him. Another man who offered him a better position he hesitated to go with because he peppered his conversation with oaths. Not that the Englishman was such a saint himself, but he did not like such rough language. He said that it irritated him to have a man say to him, even though he meant to be perfectly amiable, "Where the h— have you been all this time." It was a form of greeting which, while intended to be cordial, was unpleasant.

He did not deny that Englishmen swore, but he said he never heard oaths among the same class of Englishmen as were used by Americans of the same set. Of course you do not expect to hear a woman use profane expressions, but an Englishwoman will not use any of the violent words that even an American lady has in her vocabulary. You may offend an English woman to the last point of her endurance, but she will only be "vexed," or, under unusually strong emotion, "very vexed." I notice that the young Americans whose lives are devoted to imitating English manners are very soft spoken, and their great aim seems to be self-suppression. They consider it bad form to show any emotion at all.

If anyone were to ask me in what lies the great charm of W. J. Florence's acting I should at once ascribe it to the spontaneous manner in which wit, and the most astounding hyperbole, bubble forth from the lips of this, the most popular of our modern players. Florence is always perfectly natural, there is nothing strained in his movements. Everything is in his favor, and everything goes as far as his audience is concerned. There is a blandness, I might almost call it an oily unctuousness, that winks at you from his genial old face, which is irresistible. There is, of course, a strong family likeness between the different characters he sustains, and yet, somehow, it always seems to me that Florence is best in the character which he plays, for the time being. That man is always most popular who flatters or tickles the world at his own expense. In his character of Pinto Perkins, in the comedy of Our Governor, Florence does this most effectually. The highly imaginative, impulsive and good hearted Governor, than whom a more tuneful and picturesque liar has probably never trod the boards, was made the most of at his hands. The Governor is never stuck for a lie; never for one moment does imagination fail him, where any ordinary man would be driven into a corner ashamed and discomfited, Pinto Perkins, or rather W. J. Florence, always rises to the occasion, and not only that, but carries the war into Africa, and by one grand, stupendous piece of successful hyperbole marches from the field with flying colors amidst the enthusiastic applause of a delighted audience. And not only is Florence laughable himself but he is the cause of laughter in others. There was a stout old gentleman near me who hung on by the seat in front of him, and laughed so immoderately that copious perspiration alone checked incipient apoplexy, and who confidentially informed those who sat in his immediate vicinity that he was "too fat for such luxury as this."

•

It is generally a good sign when a man is called by his abbreviated given-name. It at least indicates that he is in sympathy with the crowd and that he has their sympathy. No one is more warmly welcomed to Toronto than "Billy" Florence. There is no comedy drama which contains more genuine entertainment than Our Gov'nor. It has a little plot, is natural, interesting and amusing. Pinto Perkins, generally known as the Gov'nor is played by W. J. Florence in a way that excites laughter without breeding contempt. He is funny and yet his lines include many good things. In the many years he has been traveling his lecture to Emma Kingsley on the ruin wrought by the wife who forsakes her home must have done a vast deal of good. That he is such a continuous and incessant liar makes his lack of truthfulness a comedy and not a sin. There is probably nothing that would amuse an Exhibition audience better than Our Gov'nor. It would amuse any audience. In all his characters W. J. Florence talks the same as he does when off the stage, and it may not be as much art as an adaptation of characters to himself which has made him so popular. At least it is certain that he is popular, and that his representations are charmingly natural and uproariously amusing. Whether as Captain Cuttle or Pinto Perkins Billy Florence can amuse an old theater-goer or a novice as thoroughly as any man on the American stage. Mrs. Florence continues to be as amusing as ever, and Miss Marion Russell's Stella Perkins was very pretty. The rest of the company averaged at about seventy-five cents on the mighty dollar. No matter what he plays Billy Florence will always be welcomed to Toronto by large audiences.

•

Next week Janauschek will hold the boards at the Grand in Macbeth on Monday, in Mary Stuart on Tuesday, in Mother and Son at the Wednesday matinee, and in Meg Merrilies on Wednesday night. During the last three nights of the week the talented lecturer Ragen is billed to appear.

•

At the Toronto Opera House the Kimball Opera Company played the Princess of Trebizonde during the first three nights of the week. Candidly speaking, I prefer the company in Prince Methusalem. The funny business in the Princess of Trebizonde is a trifle coarse, and very occasionally it is decidedly heavy. Mr. Bell as Cabriola was good, in fact this player is capable of better work than he was cast for on Tuesday night. Mr. Ed. Chapman proved a mint of fun to the house in the character of Termoline whose claptrap cry "but I must dissemble," came a little too frequently to be genuinely funny. Prince Raphael lost nothing at the hands of Miss Chapman, who infused a considerable amount of vim and go in the portrayal of that amorous youth.

During the latter part of the week the ever-popular Mikado was presented to well-filled houses.

•

For the next week Mr. Shaw advertises Chapman and Sellers in My Partner.

STAGE NOTES.

Mary Anderson is making a short tour of the British provinces for four weeks before coming to New York. She will leave England on October 28, and will be seen in A Winter's Tale, which will be given with the same completeness as in London.

When William Gillette presented Held by the Enemy he touched a patriotic chord in the very patriotic American's heart. Send off a cannon, blow a bugle, and pound a drum, and you are exciting the blood of the average man. Gillette was shrewd in filling a stage with brass buttons and clanking spurs. From the moment the first nighters heard the clatter of Gillette's cavalry the young man's status as an inventive author was fixed. He galloped to victory with a slab of soapstone and two blocks of wood. The impressionable auditor pictured the terrible battle going on in the wings. He forgot the cruelties in full view on the stage. When interest flagged for a moment Gillette made everything exciting again with a bugle call or soapstone clatter.

In the company was an amusing man, whose festive temperament made him, I fear, a little unreliable in the wonderful dramas, often nautical, which were a feature on Saturday nights, although very often, I dare say, his own words were as good as the author's. Sometimes, however, he could remember none, and then, with amazing effrontery, took refuge in a stock speech, which he delivered with great solemnity to whoever might be on the stage with him at the time, no matter what the circumstances, the period, or the costume of the play chanced to be. Whether prince or peasant, virtuous or vicious; whether clad in sumptuous raiment, or shivering in rags, it was all the same to him, leaving his unhappy comrade to get out of the difficulty as best he could and bear the brunt of the position. These were the never-changing words, which I recall distinctly: "Go to, thou weariest me. Take this well-filled purse, furnish thyself with richer habiliment, and join me at my mansion straight!" Exit.

Wit and Humor.

The first boy-cot—Cain's little bed.

In the human race the butcher holds the steaks.

The best way to get at the tongue of a bell is to peal it.

A headache may often be considered a champagne issue.

Right kind of a girl for a restaurant—one that is tasty.

Washington has a Summer home for cats. It is said to be surrounded by a caterwaul.

There's nothing like leather, excepting, of course, the upper crust of the young wife's first pie.

Sonny—Papa, has the Duke of Marlborough much power? Papa—He has the widow's might.

There is a large number of Poles in Connecticut. They ought to move to Massachusetts and raise beans.

Contentment may be better than riches, but few of us can make affidavits about the matter either way nowadays.

When young men and maidens go out canoeing together their thoughts are sailing to the port of canoedial felicity.

The young fellow who wants to vote, but will lack a day of being twenty-one on election day, must feel lack-a-day-sical.

"Yes," said Mr. Newpop, "I'm head of the firm down town, but when I'm at home nights I'm floor walker most of the time.

The play entitled The Postage Stamp hadn't been out two weeks when some one tried to lick the author, as might have been expected.

To judge from the manner in which humanity has pined for it ever since it was first partaken of, the forbidden fruit must have been a pine apple.

"Are you acquainted with Jimson over there?" "No." "He's laid out more men than you could count in an hour." "A desperado, eh?" "No; an undertaker."

She—"Harry, you would make a poor soldier." He—"A poor soldier! Why, Maud?" She—"Because you don't seem to know how to use your arms." (Tableau.)

Go about the hot, the old straw hat,
It's served it's purpose, now;
Convert it into kindling stuff,
Or feed it to the cow.

Mrs. H.—Norah, did Mrs. Richly leave any message when you told her I was not at home? Norah—No, ma'am, she didn't, but she looked very much pleased.

Child (pointing to a bronze group representing a terrific combat between a lion and a crocodile)—What are those things doing, pa? Father—Talking politics, my dear.

When lovely woman shifts her bustle
Before she sits upon a chair,
She always has an awful tussle,
But you never hear her swear.

Attorney—Your testimony before the coroner was very different from what it is now? Witness—You needn't expect me to tell the same old story over again, so you can yell "Chestnuts!"

A lady leaving a street car leaves behind her a parcel bearing a suspicious resemblance to a bustle. Baseball Umpire (handing it to her and speaking absent-mindedly)—Madam, take your base.

An exchange tells of a pretty mean man. He keeps a nickel on the end of a string, and when he wants to weigh himself he drops the coin in the slot and fishes it out as soon as he has ascertained his avoirdupois.

Old Dollikins had a dog named Watch. As the animal became old he became so deaf that he could not hear when called. So Dollikins held out his watch and it worked like a charm. The poodle came every time.

There are only three factories in this country where corsets are made. This is too bad. It seems as though a greater opportunity ought to be afforded the people to blow their brains out if they desired to do it.

A pretty maiden fell overboard at New Bedford the other day, and her lover leaned over the side of the boat, as she rose to the surface, and said, "Give me your hand." "Please ask papa," she said as she sank for the second time.

Old Lady (to village postmistress)—"Hev ye got anythin' fer me, Miss Bullard? Postmistress—Here's a postal from your daughter Maudy. How she do improve in gettin' since she's be'n goin' to that boardin' school.

Sarah Bernhardt still keeps that coffin by her, but says: "I have come to the conclusion that I will not be buried in it. I will be cremated." As Sarah has so little flesh on her bones is it reasonable to expect that she will burn hard?

Wife—If I were to be kidnapped, John, and spirited away from you, what would you do? Husband—No danger of that, my dear. Wife—Well, just imagine it, you know. Husband—My dear, don't you know that there is a limit even to the imagination?

Countryman (to celebrated Hindoo snake charmer)—I s'pose you know a good deal about snakes, mister? Hindoo Snake Charmer—Snakes, sir, have been the study of my eventful life. I know all about them. "The bull business?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I wish you'd tell a feller where the body leaves off and the tail begins."

An Apology.

Little Man—I understand, sir, that you have called me an unmitigated liar?"

Big Man—No; I didn't use the word unmitigated.

Little Man—Then I accept your apology.

Cheap, But They Had To Do It.

Guest (to hotel keeper)—What is this item among the "extras"—weather vane, 4s.?

Hotel keeper—Yes, sir; we charge 1s. a day for telling which way the wind blows, and it's wonderful how we do it at the price.

Girls Who Are in Demand.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good from the heart to the lips;
Pure as the lily is white and pure,
From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.
The girls that are wanted are home girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and brothers can trust to,
And the little ones understand.
Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folks,
Ready and anxious to please,
The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and to say;
That drive with a smile and a soft word
The wrath of the household away.
The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,
Whom fashion can never deceive;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare what is silly to leave.
The girls that are wanted are careful girls,
Who count what a thing will cost,
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.
The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts;
They are wanted for mothers and wives;
Wanted to cradle in loving arms
The strongest and frailest lives.
The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl,
There are few who can understand;
But, oh! for the wise, loving home girls
There's a constant, steady demand.

By the Sea.

'Twas in August that we met
By the sea,
How can I ever forget,
Woe is me!
She was a sweet brunette
With hair and eyes of jet,
And she broke me up, you bet,
By the sea.

She dressed in perfect taste
By the sea,
With such a slender waist,
Woe is me!
And her eyes how bright they shone
As they gazed into my own.
They thrilled me to the bone
By the sea.

We wandered on the beach
By the sea,
And her cheek was like a peach,
Woe is me!
'Twould have been a sad deficit
(With such a chance) to miss it,
And none to see me kiss it,
Only she!

So, maddened as with wine,
By the sea,
I asked her to be mine,
Woe is me!
And I ought to be contented,
For the lady quick consented.
But, alas! I have repented,
By the sea!

J. T. D.

A Sailor's Yarn.

This was the tale that was told to me
By a battered and shattered son of the sea—
To me and my messmate, Silas Green,
When I was a guileless young marine.

'Twas the good ship Gyascutus,
All in the China seas,
With the wind a-lee and the capstan free
To catch the summer breeze.

'Twas Captain Purgle on the deck,
To his mate in the mizzen hatch,
While the boatswain bold, in the forward hold,
Was winding his larboard watch.

"Oh, how does our good ship head to-night?
How heads our gallant craft?"
"Oh, she heads to the E. S. W. by N.,
And the binnacle lies abaft!"

"Oh, what does the quadrant indicate,
And how does the sextant stand?"
"Oh, the sextant's down to the freestay point,
And the quadrant's lost a hand!"

"Oh, and if the quadrant's lost a hand,
And the sextant falls so low,
It's our bodies and bones to Davy Jones
This night are bound to go."

"Oh, fly aloft to the garboard strake!
And reef the spanker boom;
Bend a studding sail on the martingale
To give her weather room."

"Oh, boatswa'n, down in the for'ard hold,
What water do you find?"
"Four foot and a half by the royal gaff
And rather more behind!"

"O, sailors, collar your marline spikes
And each belaying pin;
Come stir your stumps and spike the pumps,
Or more will be coming in!"

They stirred their stumps, they spiked the pumps,
They spliced the mizzen brace;
Aloft and below they worked, but oh!
The water gained space.

They bored a hole above the keel
To let the water out;
But, strange to say, to their dismay,
The water is did spout.

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship,
And he was a lubber brave;
"I have several wives in several ports,
And my life I'd orter save."

Then up spoke the Captain of Marines,
Who dearly loved his prog:
"If a awful to die, and worse to be dry,
And I move we pipes to grog."

Oh, then 'twas the noble second mate
What filled them all with awe;
The second mate, as bad men hate,
And cruel skipper jaw.

He took the anchor on his back
And waped into the main;
Through fog and spray in clove his way,
And sunk and rose again!

Through foam and spray, a league away,
The anchor stout he bore;
Till safe, at last, he made it fast
And warped the ship ashore!

'Twas much of a job to talk about,
But a sickliar thing to see,
And sa'thin to do, if I say it, too,
For that second mate and me!

Such was the tale that was told to me
By that modest and truthful son of the sea,
And I envy the life of the second mate,
Though captains curse him and sailors hate,
For he ain't like some of the swabs I've seen
As would go and lie to a poor marine.

With the departure of our country cousins King and Yonge streets have become passable, and matters are beginning to assume a normal condition once more.

***

Speaking about King street suggests a new building which will shortly rear its stately front on that leading promenade.

***

We have all of us been accustomed to hear the cry of "native talent, etc., etc.," but it has generally seemed to me that if "native talent, etc.," is worth anything the latter is sure to be known and appreciated accordingly. But I find that once more I have erred in judgment. I am also free to confess that such errors haven't even the charm of novelty to recommend them.

***

This particular error, however, is in connection with the building of the new Bank of Commerce at the corner of King and Jordan streets. I had thought, in my ignorance, that we had some architects among us who are capable of designing a building that would be a credit to the Bank of Commerce or any other financial institution in our midst. The directors of that institution, however, are of another opinion evidently. And not only do they in their wisdom consider that we must go abroad for our architects, but the very stones in that building are imported articles; whether the workmen are or are not, I cannot say. But the building material and the architect are not the only foreign elements in the present policy of the directors. The recent issue of new bills is foreign work which could be equally as well done at home. In fact the only Canadian element in the Commerce is the support which is being given it by Canadian enterprise and Canadian patronage.

***

The attitude of the pulpit towards the stage has been generally antagonistic, but Erastus Wiman is going to change all that. Invitations have been sent broadcast to the clergy of New York, Brooklyn and the suburban towns to witness "Nero," in which some three or four hundred bare-armed and very short-skirted sylphs pirouette and kick up their heels in one of the greatest of classic ballets.

***

And verily the parsons have not been shy in accepting the proffered invitation. On the contrary they have proved uncommonly eager to beard the dragon of iniquity in his own den. A Brooklyn divine has free lunched to the extent of thirty-four complimentary tickets. I am proud to see that an old friend of mine, late of Trinity and now of New York, is an honorable second, with thirty tickets to the good.

***

One parson writes in response to the invitation: "My family is large, as you see by the number of tickets requested. If you send tickets we'll all go, and *I will invite others to pay their way in.* I have read Rev. C. W. Le-Lyon Nichol's remarks on Nero, or The Fall of Rome, and believe it is our duty to send our Christian people there to receive two hours' impressive illustrative instruction upon the truths of Christianity."

***

This is simply refreshing. The reverend gentleman, with ten tickets in his pockets, *now* sees at a glance, what a moral educator "Nero" must be.

***

But with the acceptance of six free tickets another gentleman goes the preceding reverend one better, with the remark that he accepts with best wishes, and expresses the hope that "all Christians may glory in the triumph of the Holy Cross by your efforts." Whew! What awful humbugs parsons can be when occasion demands!

***

I stepped into St. James' Cathedral yesterday to view the alterations, and verily it seemeth as if the family were still at the seaside. The ancient galleries which flanked the eastern and western transepts are gone, and no loss either, say I. They never added much to the appearance of the place. The old organ is draped in sackcloth and ashes, as is the chancel. The pews, denuded of all furniture in the way of carpets, hassocks, etc., are heavily coated with dust, and look forlorn in the extreme. Empty and deserted, too, is the old pulpit, redolent with memories of the good old Dean, Rainsford, and other divines who have spoken often and well for the Master within the time-honored walls of old St. James'.

***

I sincerely hope that the centre aisle will not have its beauty marred by those abominations which crept in formerly under the specious guise of "free seats," at least not until it is clearly demonstrated that they cannot be dispensed with. I feel perfectly safe in making this reservation.

***

With the pulpit ability which St. James' undoubtedly possesses in Canon Dumoulin, and granted the musical services which it ought to have (but which, alas! it has *not*), there is a bright prospect in future for this church and congregation.

***

Residents in the neighborhood of the Whitechapel murders mystery are still possessed with what is known in the north of England as The Shuddering Dread. The women for the most part appear to incline to the belief that it is a gang that has done this and other murders, and the shuddering dread of being abroad in the streets after nightfall, expressed by the more nervous of them, is pitiable. "Thank God! I needn't be out after dark," ejaculated one woman. "No more needn't I," said another; "but my two girls have got to come home latish, and I'm all of a fidget till they comes."

ST. GEORGE.

Our New York Letter.

Special Correspondence.

It is apparent to the most cursory observer of the value of time and of the part that it plays in the arts, that here, in New York, one of the richest and most enlightened cities of the world, we are insuperably handicapped by the newness of our settlement. I mean, of course, with reference to our being able to establish those galleries and schools whose prime value depends upon the numerous examples of the old masters. We came too late for them. Few really fine works are now available even for the most fabulous offers in the way of cash; the countries, cities or individuals owning them, count them, unless under pressure, priceless. A great picture is the heritage of a people; it is, if native, a record of their spiritual growth, it is a light, as it were, for the future, an inspiration for the present generation. Galleries are called great on account of works by old masters which they contain; therefore we are doomed to content ourselves with a second rate largeness, confining our investments and our exhibitions to what is best in modern and contemporary art.

The opportunities for excellent general art education afforded in New York are many. First among the schools is the National Academy of Design, located at 23rd street and Fourth avenue. It is unquestionably the leading art institution of America, and has had the widest influence in developing native interest and taste for art. Students are admitted free. Applicants for membership must submit a drawing from a cast which, if approved, and a high degree of excellence is required, admits them to the antique class. From here they are promoted to the life class upon passing satisfactory examination. The fact of gratuitous instruction has no bearing upon the value or the strictness of the work to be done, pupils who shirk or fail in regular attendance are dropped to give place to those more deserving. The classes are open to both sexes.

The annual exhibition of the Academy is the leading art event of the year. It takes place in the spring, and attracts the notice of artists and people interested in art from all parts of the country. The representative work of leading American artists is generally found here and the sales during the continuance of the exhibit amount to a considerable figure. Of late years many of our successful painters have seen fit for various reasons to ignore the value of the academy shows, feeling, and very naturally, that if not "academicians" or "associates" their productions will not meet with favor as to hanging or reception. This feeling has been the occasion for the formation of several associations whose members have opened schools where art may be pursued at a very small cost, considering the reputation of the teachers.

The Art Students' League is the strongest of these outside organizations and numbers among its members many men whose work entitles them to high praise. Its classes are open to all upon payment of a small tuition fee, which goes toward the expense of the school in the way of rooms, reading room, etc. No salaries are paid instructors, but each member is supposed to willingly contribute his time and work for the general good. The expense of a year's study is about $80, or $8 monthly.

Requirements for admission: To life classes, a full length drawing of a nude figure from cast or life; to painting class, drawing of a head; for modelling, composition, etc., examples of original work. Among the artists who have classes may be mentioned such well known names as J. Carroll Beckwith, H. Siddons Mowbray, E. H. Blashfield and W. M. Chase—all men with established reputations.

Another society with practically the same scope, a working organization of practical men, which provides thorough instruction in drawing and painting for those desiring to follow art as a profession, is the Gotham Art Students. The charge for instruction is rather less than the one just mentioned being about $6 a month.

An art school has been established in connection with the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and with the admirable collection of paintings belonging to that institution affords peculiar advantages. Among the celebrated modern pictures in this collection are Meissonier's 1807, presented by Mr. Henry Hilton, who paid $69,000 for it; Rosa Bonheur's The Horse Fair, presented by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, $55,000; Detaille's Defence of Champigny; Piloty's Triumph of Germanicus; Crozik's Columbus Before Ferdinand and Isabella, and Lerolle's Organ Rehearsal. There are also valuable works by Rubens, Gaspard De Crayer, Van Dyck, Dirk Hals, Franz Hals, Joannes Singelback, Velasquez and Murillo.

The student may find numerous fine paintings by modern masters at the art rooms of Goupil (now Knoedler's), Schaus, Cottier, Avery and others.

Some of the art auctions of last season were remarkable for the sales of works by the best and most valued modern French masters. The student who fails to take advantage of the displays afforded by such public exhibitions misses a rare opportunity. The Albert Spencer collection sold last winter realized $284,000 for 68 pictures. Among them were Troyon's Drove of Cattle and Sheep, sold for $26,000; Jules Breton's Le Soir, $20,500; The Serpent Charmer by Jean Leon Gerome, $19,500; Christ at the Tomb, by Delacroix, $10,600; Meissonier's A Musician, $8,800; Corot's Farm at Toulon, $7,000.

Art, like all things related to the individual, to humanity, must be developed from within, the spirit must be awakened, the genius, if there be any, directed. What then may be in theory, in the practical working part of art as a profession, can be as well acquired here as any place in the world. The instructors in the schools named are nearly all pupils of celebrated foreign masters, the new ideas of technique they can impart, the rest depends upon the pupil. Ambition and work, an innate love of the noble and the beautiful I believe—of course granted sufficient mechanical skill—will do more than any amount of "copying the old masters."

Unless we can go back into his day, in spirit, absorb ourselves in the environments, material and intellectual, that gave him birth, we may as well give up the ghost of imitation and rest content with the ample scope for art and its highest ministry needed in the present. It seems to me that more common sense, more truth is what is mostly needed. We want less cant and rolling of eyes at the pasband more honest aspiration toward pure ideals, devoid of clap-trap and the schools. We need individualism.

CARRINGTON.

Wait for The Turn of The Tide.

For Saturday Night.

"There is a tide in affairs of man"—
Was written—that he might read who ran—
Which taken at full bears us away
Safe and sure to a prosperous day.
But the difficult point for us to learn
Is just what moment the tide will turn.

There's another tied, that most men know,
When our luck seems dead and our schemes won't go;
When we feel that the fault is not our own
And curse the fate that won't let us alone,
And grumble, and fret, and fume and burn
And long for the tied to have a turn.

'Tis hard to feel the galling chain
As we manfully strive with hand and brain;
But remember there's good we cannot see
Oft-times in some shadowing mystery,
And we might by some "spec" get severely bit
If the tied took a turn when we wanted it.

Never sit down and howl at fate;
Learn to labor and learn to wait;
Stick to the task with a bull-dog's pluck,
In the long run work does more than luck,
And perchance in the future we may discern
That 'twas for our good the tied had no turn.

E. W. S.

German Jokes.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

HOGUS AFFECTION.

Tommy—You ought to see how much butter my step-mother puts on my bread.

Johnny—I guess it's some of this hogus butter, and she is just trying it on you before she eats any of it herself.

EDUCATIONAL ITEM.

First Student—You haven't got any idea of what a contemptible opinion I have of our professor.

Second Student—Humph! I guess that's the reason you didn't answer any of the questions he asked you yesterday at the recitation.

LITTLE MOLLY'S SARCASM.

Dear Father,—We are all well and happy. The baby has grown ever so much, and has a great deal more sense than he used to have. Hoping the same of you,

I remain your daughter,
MOLLY.

MUSICAL ITEM.

Mrs. A.—I saw your husband on the street yesterday.

Mrs. B.—Did he seem to be in a good humor?

"I never saw him in such high spirits."

"That's the way he always is when my piano is so out of tune that I can't play on it."

EXPENSIVE TRAVELING.

Doctor—I am afraid you will have to take a trip to the Kingdom of Heaven pretty soon.

Miser (groaning)—That will cost another nice sum of money. Traveling is so expensive nowadays.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

A. has had his gray hair and beard dyed, and meets B.

A.—It's a good while since we met. We are old acquaintances.

B.—Why of course we are old friends. I knew you when your hair and beard were gray.

IN A HURRY.

"Dear wife," said a dying husband, "if you do marry again, wait at least until the grass is growing on my grave." The widow promised faithfully that his wish should be respected.

About two weeks after the funeral the widow visited the grave, and pressing a gold coin in the sexton's hand said, "Can't you have this grave sodded without delay?"

What Her Heart Said.

Confiding Daughter—Oh, mamma, I really think Mr. Nobranes intends proposing soon.

Fond Mamma—Indeed?

Daughter—Yes, and if he does what shall I say?

Mamma—Be guided entirely by the dictates of your own heart, my child. Remember, my love, that Mr. Nobranes is heir to at least twenty-five thousand dollars a year and a house on the avenue, with a villa at Newport. You would doubtless go abroad on your wedding tour and enter the first circle of society on your return. It would be a lovely match for you. But I have no desire to influence your choice. What does my child's heart say?

Daughter—You are sure of the twenty-five thousand a year, and all the rest?

Mamma—Perfectly sure.

Daughter—Then my heart says yes, yes, yes!

Mamma—My own darling! What joy it will give me to see you married to the man you love!

The Truth at Last.

English Editor—You have not answered my question.

American Editor (in London)—Hist! Is no one near!

English Editor—No one.

American Editor—Even the walls have ears.

English Editor—These walls are deaf.

American Editor—Will you swear never to divulge the fateful truth I am about to tell?

English Editor—I swear.

American Editor—Then place your ear close and listen. You ask me if we Americans love the Irish better than our own souls. We don't.

A Very Great Man.

Little Boy—Papa, why do you make so much fuss over Mr. Brown? Is he a very great man?

Life Insurance President—Great! Well I should say so. He carries $500,000 insurance on his life.

Yes, I saw that about him in the newspaper. Is that all that makes him great?

That's all that I know of, son.

The Mean Old Thing.

Fond Mother (displaying her first-born)—You've never seen my little darling before?

Spiteful Old Maid—No. What nice big feet he has.

Just So.

Herr Von Bialermutche—Vell, Miss Bessie, vot you tink or mine blaying, alretty?

Bessie (of Boston)—Oh, there are no *musica domestica* on you, professor!

He Cured Her.

"Mother, I entreat you not to look behind that screen—take my word—I would not deceive you! Appearances are against me, but—

"Charles, I will drag that odious creature out at any cost! Models, indeed! Oh, why did I ever let my son enter this debasing profession!"

"Bad luck to my boy! I the bootles on, an' clane forgot th slathered pants!"

Hock was the Favorite.

They did not often give dinner-parties, and never gave a large one; but at the little reunions to which they did invite their friends they liked everything of the best. So, on the afternoon of one of their choice little feasts, the host summoned his boy-in-buttons, and said:

"Now, John, you must be very careful how you hand round the wine."

"Yes, sir."

"These bottles with the black seals are the best, and these with the red seals the inferior sherry. The best sherry is for after dinner; the inferior sherry you will hand round with the hock after soup. You understand—hock and inferior sherry after soup?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy-in-buttons.

And the evening came, and the guests came, and everything was progressing admirably, till the boy went round the table asking of every guest:

"Hock or inferior sherry?"

Everybody took hock.

Simple Enough.

A manufacturer of some patent compound or other came into the laboratory of an analytical chemist one day with a bottle containing an unwholesome looking mixture. "I would give $50," he said, "to know what would make the water and oil in this emulsion separate." The chemist looked at it.

"Very well," he said, "write your check."

"Check!" the other echoed.

"Yes, your check for $50. You say you are willing to give that, and for that price I am willing to tell you what will make the water and oil separate."

The visitor hesitated a moment, and then wrote his check for the sum named. The chemist carefully deposited it in his pocket-book, and then quietly dropped into the liquid a pinch of common salt. Instantly the water and oil separated, and whether the client was satisfied or not, he had got what he wanted, and he had paid his own price for it.

She Could Suffer.

He—You have considered, darling, the seriousness of the step you have consented to take? Married life, you know, is not all roses. Do you think you can bear to suffer as well as to rejoice?

She—Indeed. I can, Charles! Haven't I worn shoes two sizes too small ever since I was fourteen years old?

To Meet as Strangers.

"Henceforth we meet as strangers!" exclaimed Brown, in a fit of anger.

"Thank you, Brown, my dear fellow," gushed Fogg, effusively; "you always did treat strangers better than your friends and acquaintances, and you make me exceedingly happy that I am henceforth to share in your distinguished consideration.

Ah! Why?

Child—And you won't give me a penny, mamma! Yet you always say you love me.

Mother—When you are older, dear, you will understand better how much I love you."

Child (disparagingly)—If you loved me so much, mamma, why didn't you marry the sweet-shop man!

A Horrid Mathematician.

The head of a large dry goods establishment has forbidden his saleswomen to wear bustles.

On being interviewed on the subject he explained his action as follows:

"Every woman wearing a bustle adjusts it at least five times a day. It takes her a minute each time, and she thus loses five minutes a day. One hundred and twenty-five women will consequently lose six hundred and twenty-five minutes, which is over ten hours. These ten hours I have to pay for, and we are consequently out of pocket to that amount."

After the Honeymoon.

"You never knew such a woman to get up and walk about in the middle of the night, my dear fellow. At one place I told her that there were mice in the room to keep her still, and egad! she sat up in bed all night, mewing like a cat, to keep 'em off!"

"Poor old chap!"

A Nice Legal Question.

Magistrate (to Uncle Rastus who has been unfortunate again)—Your name, prisoner?

Uncle Rastus—Must I giv' my name, sah?

Magistrate—Certainly.

Uncle Rastus—Well, now, yo honah, I done understan' frum de lawyer dat nobody am compelled to say nuffin wot has er tendency ter convict hisself.

Would Part With Some Wealth.

Miss Smith (coldly)—Certainly not, Mr. Sampson, I cannot be your wife. I have never given you the slightest encouragement.

Mr. Sampson—Then I may as well go, Miss Smith!

Miss Smith—Yes, and you had better go quickly; papa, you know, has threatened to chastise you.

Mr. Sampson (doubling his fist as he turns to go)—Miss Smith, now that I have no hopes of winning you, I would give a ten-dollar note to have "papa" try it on!

Checkmate.

Stern Parent (decisively)—This extravagance has got to stop. If you can't check it, I shall have to.

Miss Marjorie (sweetly)—That's just what I want to do, papa. Draw the check for twenty-five pounds. I can squeeze along on that until next week!

A Man for Emergencies.

Harry—We were alone and she fainted.

Chawles—What did you do?

Harry—Everything I could. I loosened her collar, threw cold water on the cat, kissed her, and yelled till she came to.

At Fair Harvard.

Class in literature.

Prof. Musty—Now, Mr. Freshleigh, you may give me the names of some of the famous writers of modern fiction.

Freshleigh (promptly)—Zola, Amelie Rives, Edgar—

Prof. Musty (interrupting)—Stop, sir. I did not say infamous.

Good Reason Why.

Stout Party—Why, why, I'm astonished to see a young man of your size crying like that!

Young Man (aged 5)—I guess you'd cry too if you'd a' loved as I have and then a' had your best girl took from you by a man yer hated!

No Hedging There.

There's a divinity that doth hedge a king, but put three other kings and an ace in the same hand and there'll be no hedging.

Before the Ball.

Mr. Lowcutt—My gracious, Ethel! Are you going in that waist?

Mrs. Lowcutt—Certainly. Which of these flowers do you think most suitable for a corsage bouquet?

Mr. Lowcutt—Wear the blush roses, for heaven's sake. It will show you are not entirely lost to all sense of decency.

"The Way of the Transgressor is Hard."

Miss Placida Simperthy (alarmed)—Mercy on me! What is that dreadful noise upstairs?
Prison Official—Don't be alarmed, madam. It's only the murderer you are bringing the flowers to—kicking a little because his porterhouse steak and eggs are not ready.—*Puck.*

FIRST OF OUR "FAMILY HERALD" STORIES.

MISSING!

By the Author of "A Bitter Reckoning," "By Crooked Path," Etc.

All rights reserved.

CHAPTER XI.

The morning after Brande's return from his visit to the Powells', Mr. Griffiths took him to the study directly after breakfast.

"About this wedding, Brande," he said, as he filed a couple of business letters received by that morning's post—"I think it's quite time something definite was settled. Molly has got her bibs and tuckers to look after, you know."

Brande had flinched a little at his uncle's first words, but he speedily recovered himself.

"I am quite in your hands," he observed quietly—"in yours and Molly's. Whatever you decide on will suit me."

Mr. Tennant glanced at him inquisitively; he did not understand this lethargy at all. Had the reluctance been on Molly's part there would have been some reason for it, but for Brande to show an apathy amounting to actual disinclination was, he told himself, most incomprehensible. He would have inquired into it had he dared, but lately a strange reserve had crept into his intercourse with Brande. His dread of knowing for certain that his suspicions were correct precluded all genuine confidence between them. Brande was willing to fulfil to the letter his part of the undertaking, and with this he felt he must be satisfied.

"Then, if you have nothing to suggest, I suppose we may as well stand by the original date—the 28th of March."

"Yes—that will do as well as any, I think."

"Will you speak to Molly about it to-day, then?"

"You speak to her, uncle Griffiths," returned Brande quickly, conscious of a hot flush mounting to his face at his suggestion.

"My dear boy, what nonsense!" cried Mr. Tennant, determined not to encourage so unsatisfactory a state of things. "You must speak to her yourself—she has a right to that, surely. Why, I never even saw you ask her to marry me for good and all, and there's plenty of people who take that liberty nowadays, I should like to know why you asked me to marry you. Tell me!"

The young man stupidly stood there facing him with kindling eyes and parted lips, looking in her righteous anger more beautiful than he had ever seen her before.

Brande was very pale, and there was the old stern look on his face as he listened to her torrent of words. One or two of the dogs had settled down on the dirty hearth-rug looking from master to mistress, with their tongues lolling out and an inquiring look in their eyes, as they yawn and again scattered the loose gravel with their wagging tails.

"Tell me," cried Molly again, finding he made no answer, and insisted upon your telling me why you asked me to marry you."

"Because I loved you," said Brande in a low and steady tone.

"You do well to put it in the past tense," she exclaimed, throwing up her hands with a gesture of incredulity; "but, since you admit it is past, you will be good enough to tell what I done to forfeit your regard. What unsuspected fault have you found in me which has led to the sudden withdrawal of your esteem? Since you still maintain that you loved me then, I have a right to know why you have ceased to do so."

"I have not ceased to do so," he returned with emphasis. "I never meant you to infer that such was the case."

She looked at him for a few moments in silence. Then she said, more quietly:

"I should be greatly obliged to you if you would explain yourself fully. Will you please tell me why, if you still have any regard for me, you have treated me with such scant courtesy?"

"Don't ask me for my reasons, Molly," he muttered, hoarsely, with a sudden wavering in his manner, "for you may not to ask me to put my reasons into words—only be content to know that, in spite of my past discourtesy, I love you still."

"But I am not content, and why should you not love me still? What have I done that you should not?"

"Molly, will you fix the date for our marriage?"

"No, I will not!" she cried. "I will not marry you at all until you have given me the explanation which I consider is my due."

She turned and walked away, but he overtook her and placed a detaining hand upon her arm.

"Let us argue the question from another point of view," he said gently. "Uncle Griffiths—"

Molly stopped, but did not turn her head.

"We wouldn't hold of us do a very great deal to secure his happiness," he went on. "Let us put our personal feeling out of the question altogether and think of him. He has worried quite as well as I do how his heart has for years been set on this marriage, and what a disappointment it will be to him if it is broken off. I don't think I need remind you either how much we both owe to him. To me he has been father, mother, everything in one, and in such a manner that I have never known what it was to miss them. To you and yours—well, perhaps I have no right to touch on that; but you must know that the encumbrances on the estate would be much lighter to-day if he had not had your mother and her family to maintain for the last eight years. You must forgive me for touching on this. You see I am pleading uncle Griffith's cause, and am bound to adduce all the points I can in his favor."

As Molly stood meditating for a few moments, Pompey, thinking, from her down-bent head, that she was looking at him, jumped up and with his tail wagging, began her walk again. In her over-excited condition it seemed to her that even the poor old dog was pleading the cause of his master; and a sudden flood of tears blinded her as she fondled his shaggy head, admitting in her heart the truth and force of Brande's reasoning.

"You are right," she murmured, quite overcome and subdued; "for once those most concerned are not those to be most considered. I will marry you when you and uncle Griffiths please; but meantime, since it seems the mystery is to be kept up, let us keep out of each other's ways as much as we possibly can without exciting remark."

"Uncle Griffiths spoke of March 28," returned Brande, entirely ignoring her last words.

"Very well," she said, with a resignation that was almost sullen; "I will be ready."

And then she walked away with the dogs, who, delighted to see her on the move again, bounded around and about her; and so she passed through the gate and out of sight, without one glance at the man watching her.

That night when Molly was going to bed Mr. Tennant called her into his study and gave her a cheque for a hundred pounds.

"Hoaxy bless you, Molly, my dear," he whispered with solemn fervor as he kissed her lovingly. "my own dear adopted daughter!"

And Molly felt very grave indeed as she went up-stairs to her room, considering if she had done right in yielding to Brande's wishes without receiving an explanation of his conduct.

CHAPTER XII.

Molly could not fall to see how her uncle's spirits rose as soon as the marriage-day was fixed; indeed he was like another man. She still saw him occasionally watching Brande with a wistful, perplexed look that made her heart ache for him; and, whatever she saw that expression on his face, she knew he was thinking of the lost heirlooms, and most probably wondering how his nephew could have been so blind as to recover them from Bryn-mawr, knowing, as he did, their history. But all allusion to the loss of the pearls was tacitly avoided by both Molly and her uncle, the latter having given her final assent to the marriage, the girl decided to let the matter of the missing jewelry rest.

The bride-elect was very unhappy during those days. She loved Brande Tennant as warmly as she had ever done, and she derived a certain amount of comfort from the knowledge that he still loved her, but she could not forget that there was a terrible shadow between them; she had been content to ignore this to let things be as though no such shadow had ever existed, but he had ruled otherwise. What his motive was she could not even guess—unless it were unconquerable remorse; but the fact remained that he chose to maintain an obstinate reserve in his manner towards her, a reserve which she no longer tried to overcome, but emulated.

Every one in the house saw that the love-affairs of Molly and Brande were not going on smoothly; the servants discussed the situation with bated breath; some of the sharper-sighted among the callers saw that something was wrong, and set a report in circulation that the approaching marriage at Bryn-mawr was entirely *out of the question*; uncle Griffiths noticed the chattering and guessed at its cause, but he knew better than any one how fond the young people were of each other, in spite of their present coldness, and he felt certain this restraint would disappear by-and-by, after marriage.

So the weeks slipped away, all too quickly for Molly, with her hearts full of doubts and fears, until the third week in March; and then one morning, Molly received a long letter from her brother Tim which set her heart beating joyfully.

Tim's letter came with the others at breakfast time, and, seeing who her correspondent was, Molly opened it at once. The first half was full of congratulations on the approaching marriage; she had written to Tim when her engagement had been only a day old—these she passed over impatiently, as being too a personal matter lower down. Presently she raised her face, flushed and beaming with pleasure.

"Oh, uncle Griffiths," she cried, "such news!" At the sound of the joyful tone of her voice both men dropped their own letters to listen. "Tim has gone in for sheep farming on his own account—at least he has gone into partnership with a man who owns quite a large sheep-run out there. Isn't it a chance for him?"

"Splendid!" declared uncle Griffiths heartily. "But I don't quite understand how he has managed it, Molly. Surely a man with a large sheep farm would not take a partner unless he put some capital into the affair? Now he has contrived to drop on his feet in this happy-go-lucky fashion!"

Brande, watching her keenly from the other side of the table, was thinking exactly what his uncle had put into words; but with his thought was mingled a memory of that last letter from Tim to Molly which he had found on the drawing-room carpet, and in which the boy had so bitterly bemoaned the want of a thousand pounds (he had hoped, as he were, by his fixed gaze, Molly turned and looked at him before she answered her uncle's question, and as he met her eyes a flush rose.

"Yes," he said, still thinking of the letter—"where did Tim get his thousand pounds from?"

His questioning glance, more than the words he uttered, brought a vivid flush of indignation to her cheeks. Was he trying to put the idea into uncle Griffith's mind that Tim had had a hand in obtaining this money for Tim? Such base treachery would be worse than anything he had been guilty of yet. She returned her cousin's look for a moment with a scornful glance before she went back to her letter.

"He does not tell me where he got his thousand pounds from," she, ignoring insinuating Brande's words with a delicate touch of sarcasm—"in fact he does not say that he had to get a thousand pounds anywhere. I fancy, from what he does say, that the man he went out to first—my father's old friend—has helped him to the position. I think that he looked up again at Brande, as though to say, "Is that sufficient for you?"

Brande however had returned to his own correspondence, and was apparently quite unconscious of the scathing looks she gave him from time to time during the rest of the meal.

That evening Brande dined at Fernbank. It was a bachelors' dinner, given by Tom Powell in his honor—"a farewell function," as Brande described it to his uncle. He was late in night there, returning the following morning.

"I say, Tom," said Brande, when the first course was being removed, "who's your new man? He's an addition since I was here in January. I fancy I know his face!"

"Of course you do, old man!" returned Powell. "He was with you at Bryn-mawr last autumn, and was turned out because he was so profane as to say he had seen the family ghost."

"What's his name?" asked Brande.

"Hewetson."

"Of course! I remember him now. He left us all in a hustle, because he and the housekeeper couldn't hit it. I recollect now there was a little huffed about it, because we had to have women in to wait for a day or two, and he hates a woman about the place."

The mention of this incident brought back other memories connected with Hewetson's departure, which Brande however did not think it necessary to impart to the present company. He remembered, for instance, that when Molly had gone to fetch Mr. Tennant's cheque-book from the drawer where he had put the stubs overnight, it had been for the purpose of writing a cheque for this man's wages, a fact which fixed the date of his departure from Bryn-mawr after the Lord-Lieutenant's dinner-party—the morning the pearls were first missed. He also remembered the conversation at the breakfast table that day—how the housekeeper had spoken of the butler's haste to get out of the house, and had described the borrowing of a barrow from one of the gardeners, so eager was that he might take away his things at once. Nothing had been missed at that time; the loss of the pearls was not made known to him until the next day, and so no one had subjected any hidden motive for the man's anxiety to get away; but now, looking at Hewetson's hurried departure by the light of subsequent events, a sudden inspiration flashed into Brande's mind—Was it not possible that there might be some connection between the butler's movements and the disappearance of the studs?

As this idea took form, there rose from Brande's heart an earnest prayer—if it proved that it might be so, that all his past suspicions might prove to be as cruelly unjust as the heart of man ever conceived. In the sudden joy that filled his mind at the possibility of the dead man's guilt he felt could gladly forgive him the theft, if only because, through his guilt being proved, the innocence of another was established beyond all doubt. Then as to the ghost! The ghost was never supposed to be seen anywhere but in the south corridor—the corridor on to which his uncle's dressing-room opened. The probability was that, if Hewetson believed he had seen the Bryn-mawr ghost, he had been in the south corridor at that time; if he had been in the south corridor at that time! If with a guilty purpose, he would be all the more likely to fancy he saw a ghost in every shadow.

As these thoughts passed swiftly through Brande Tennant's brain, sitting at his friend's table apparently outwardly unconcerned, bearing with and replying to the company's inane, half-tipsy condolences on his approaching immolation, he would have given a very great deal quietly to think over this new view of affairs, carefully to sift the *pros* and *cons* of the wild, delirious hope that bloomed in his heart. When the uproarious bachelors' party did at last come to an end, and Brande's health had been drunk with musical honors, it was with a sigh of intense relief that he saw his friend himself alone in his own room, where his first proceeding was to ring the bell and summon Hewetson to his presence. He was too eager to let the matter stand over until the morning; he could not rest until he had done his best to find out what foundation there was for the faint, sweet promise of a happier state of things which had come unbidden into his mind.

"Will you bring me a bottle of seltzer?" he said to Hewetson, when the man came in answer to the bell, and on his return Brande began his investigation.

Until his new hope had shown him by force of contrast the blackness of his previous despair he had never realized what a burden his unspoken belief had been, and his pulses quickened as he put his first question.

"You are Hewetson, aren't you?" he began, in a light, gossiping tone. "I thought I knew your face at dinner, and Mr. Powell told me who you were. You get on better here than you did at Bryn-mawr. I suppose—no old woman to badger and bully you—eh?"

"Well, sir, she was rather a trial," replied Hewetson, respectfully. "You see, she had been with Mr. Tennant so long that she felt herself in quite a different position to anyone else in the house, and that made it a little trying for the other upper servants."

"Meaning Mrs. Price, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I am glad you have managed to drop into a better place."

"Yes, sir; thank you. I am very comfortable here, and Mr. Powell has been good enough to say he is perfectly satisfied. If you will excuse the liberty, sir," he added, clearing his throat once or twice, "I should like to offer my respectful good wishes on your approaching marriage. Miss Griffiths is one of the prettiest and most accomplished ladies in the country; every soul in the servants' hall had a good word for her always. You'll excuse me for making so bold, sir."

"I am very much obliged for your good opinion. Perhaps, when Miss Griffiths is mistress at Bryn-mawr, we may see you back there again some day."

This was a feeler, and served its purpose, for Hewetson's face lengthened considerably as he replied—

"It's very kind of you to say so, I'm sure, sir, and I'm extremely obliged to you; but I don't think I should like to go back to Bryn-mawr."

"Why not?"

"Because, you see, sir, I had a sort of warning while I was there, and I shouldn't care to risk another."

"A warning?" repeated Brande, assuming an air of innocence. "What kind of a warning?"

"Well, if you put the question to me point-blank like that, you mustn't be offended with me if I speak the truth, sir."

"Offended! Not I!" returned Brande. "Out with it! What was this warning like?"

"I saw the ghost that every one knows walks in the south corridor, sir."

"Oh, that was it, was it? And that was why Mrs. Price was so savage with you? I remember she was always mad when any mention of old ghost is mentioned. Would you mind telling me all about it, Hewetson? Sit down, if you're not too busy, and tell me the story. I should like to know how this restless old spirit looks, and how he behaves himself when he takes it into his head to come back to the place he's evil doing. Tell me the whole chapter through."

Hewetson seated himself as directed. He was a little nervous at first; but he soon recovered his self-possession.

"I was going down the south corridor," he began, "from the main passage, when I saw a light as far as the second door—the door leading to the state bed-chamber, which has never been slept in by a Tennant, Mrs. Price told me, since the night he had been guilty of yet. She returned a little hotly,

WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON.

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER X.

PERCY BECOMES A PHYSICIAN.

For several weeks after Captain Morton's death Percy was not at all like himself.

The housekeeper and Hazel attributed it to grief on account of the loss of his grandfather, and he did not undeceive them.

He brooded continually over what he had learned, or rather what he had yet to learn, regarding the contents of the package which had been given to him on the last day of Sandy Morton's life.

When the captain's will was read it was found that he had left everything to Percy, as he had intimated he should do. He had managed to save a great deal out of his wages and frugal life, and this, together with the life insurance which had come to him on the death of his son, amounted to upward of four thousand dollars, so that our young hero found himself quite independent.

"Dear old man! how fond he was of me," he murmured, after reading the simple and tender bequest; "but he ought to have told me years ago if there was any mystery connected with my life. But, doubtless, he knew no more about me than he did himself. Pet, I remember, he told me once that only three were known to have been saved from 'Captain John's' vessel—the first mate, the steward and a child. Can it be possible that there were two children on board—that I was mistaken for the captain's son, brought home to his father and the mistake discovered by the articles of clothing that I wore and those initials upon that clasp? It must be so, and those good old people, grieving for their own lost boy, took me home into their hearts and home in place of the little grandson who was wrecked. And yet it is very strange that the steward could have made such a mistake. However"—Percy always concluded with a sigh after these perplexing arguments and questionings with himself—"it is useless to dwell upon the subject. I must try to make the best of my lot and try not to worry over it. I will accept the fate which has been portioned out to me and make the best of my life, and try to carve out an honorable name and place in the world for myself."

Three months after Captain Morton's death that small household was broken up, for Percy's course of study was completed, and he had determined, after careful consideration, to go to London and fit himself for the practice of medicine.

He could not think of being separated from Hazel, to whom he was becoming more devotedly attached with every passing year; therefore he arranged for her entrance into a first-class boarding-school for young ladies in that city, where he could manage to visit her every few days, and see that she lacked for nothing that she needed.

Percy took lodgings in a pleasant portion of the city, and settled himself for a three years' medical course in the Royal College of Physicians, and bent all his energies toward the winning of his diploma.

He was now in his twenty-first year, Hazel in her fourteenth.

Hazel very soon became the pet and pride of the institution where she was studying. No one could resist her bright, merry ways, her sunshiny, happy face, upon which a cloud was seldom seen, while in school hours she was one of the most faithful and diligent students imaginable.

Percy was her oracle; he planned her course and suggested the arts that she was to pursue, and her sole aim seemed to be to please him.

"Percy wants me to do this," was a sufficient reason for anything.

"Percy wishes me to know Latin, and though I don't like it very well, I will try to be a good Latin scholar because he is. Percy has a very critical ear for music and I must be proficient in that," and so with everything else connected with her school life.

Only one thing caused her any unhappiness. She could not be recognized in her graduation.

"If we could only live together, Percy, I should be so perfectly happy," she used to say wistfully, almost every time that he visited her, and the words always made his heart bound and his pulses thrill.

"We will some time, I hope, my pet. When you graduate and I have my diploma, I will settle in some busy town, put out my sign as an M. D., and then we will make a cozy home for ourselves once more," he would reply, smiling; and Hazel would long for the time to come when this delightful castle in the air would become substantial and real.

But as time went on a "change came o'er the spirit of her dream"—a change that both puzzled and troubled Percy, because it was so gradual and intangible that he could not was aware of it until it had become settled and beyond his power to control or remove.

We cannot linger over those three years; they passed rapidly, as all busy years pass, and at their close Percy received his diploma, together with a certificate of hearty recommendation from the faculty, which he considered even a greater prize.

There seemed to be an inviting opening for him in Kingston, one of the suburbs of Toronto, and only seven miles from that city, consequently he decided to locate there, and a few weeks after completing his course he had fastened an attractive sign beside the door of his lodgings, and was prepared to minister to any one who might require his services.

Hazel was now seventeen. In one more year she, too, would graduate, and be ready to take up the duties of life.

She was developing into a marvelously beautiful young lady. She was tall and slender, but having a perfect form, whose every movement was full of ease and grace. Her small, shapely head was proudly poised upon a white, beautiful neck, and crowned with a wealth of waving brown hair. Her face was not remarkably pretty for its beauty of features or for the witchery of its ever-changing expression, in which archness, piquancy, sweetness, and cheerfulness blended in a way to fascinate every beholder. A pair of brilliant, dancing eyes looked out from beneath long lashes a trifle darker than her hair, while her scarlet mouth knew how to wreath itself in the most witching smiles, though now and then, when the features were in repose, it settled into an expression which told of a strong, intense character underlying her habitual vivacity. Her skin was as fair and smooth as satin, and the delicate flush on her rounded cheek was like the color in the heart of a blush rose.

During the last year of her school life she worked with even greater diligence than she had ever done before. It seemed as if some new, strong purpose had taken possession of her, although she did not hint at anything of the kind during that time. A deeper shade fell upon her lovely eyes, and her beautiful lips would often compress themselves into a straight, resolute line, as if she were deciding upon some future course of action.

This look was always on her face during those last months, after a visit from Percy.

Our young physician met with wonderful success for one so recently established in his profession.

He had opened his office during a season when there happened to be considerable sickness at Kingston, and at a time, too, when one doctor was absent on the Continent, and another laid up with a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism; and so, for want of a more experienced practitioner, our young new doctor was called to numerous households which, under other circumstances, he might never have entered.

From the first he was eminently successful. The sickness was confined chiefly to children, and being very fond of little ones, and possessing a frank, attractive face and gentle, pleasing manners, he invariably won their confidence, and wherever he went once he was looked for again with pleasure.

He did not lose a single case during the prevailing epidemic, and the praises of the young and skilful M. D. were upon the lips of every one.

One morning, during his office hours, which were from eight to ten, he was sitting in his snug study perusing the pages of the last London *Lancet*.

He had no callers that morning, and was congratulating himself over the fact and promising himself a pleasant season of undisturbed reading, when the sound of a horse furiously galloping down the street attracted his attention.

The horse came to a halt and ceased, and an imperative rap sounded on his door.

"Come in!" he commanded, and a man, almost breathless from rapid riding, entered.

"You are wanted at Osterly Park, sir, and as quick as ever you can get there, too," he said, hurriedly, but respectfully.

"At Osterly Park! Who is ill there?" Percy asked, quietly, but with an inward thrill at the summons, for Osterly Park was the seat of the Duchess of Jersey, and it would be no small honor to be called to attend a member of her household.

He arose as he spoke, and began looking over his medicine-case to see if everything was in its place.

"A young leddy, sir, as is a visitor there. She were taken very bad, in a kind o' faint like, more'n an hour ago, and they can't bring her to," explained the man.

"Have they called any one else?" Percy inquired.

"Her grace has telegraphed to Sir Henry Harward, her London doctor, but Mrs. Stewart—that's the young leddy's mother—begged her to send for some one else to do for her until he comes; and it's a hard ride that I've had after ye," the man concluded, wiping the perspiration from his heated face.

"I will go immediately," Percy remarked, taking up his hat. "It is my regular office time, but I will not disregard so urgent a call."

"You are to go back on the horse that I rode down, sir," the servant pursued, following him to the door. "It will save time, and her leddyship's groom will come for him shortly."

"All right," returned the young doctor, as he went quickly out, mounted the splendid specimen of horseflesh that stood waiting for him, and rode rapidly away in the direction of Osterly Park.

A brisk canter of twenty minutes brought him to the imposing gate-way leading into the spacious grounds, and on either side of which there were four massive posts, surmounted by immense owls, whose great eyes glared at him with a look of insolent wisdom, and through which, at night, there flashed a vivid light; for the grave looking birds were nothing more nor less than the gate lanterns.

The porter stood ready to admit him, and touched his hat respectfully as he held the gate open for him to pass through.

He rode along the wide, smoothly graded avenue, which was guarded on either side by beautiful beech and linden trees, until he came to the magnificent mansion which was the pride of the whole county, and where a groom was waiting to take his horse, and another servant to conduct him within.

Removing his hat and gloves in the hall, Percy followed his guide along a long gallery of beautifully carved and polished oak, to the second story.

From the upper corridor, which also seemed to be a sort of picture-gallery—for on the walls there hung many portraits and almost priceless treasures of art—he was ushered into a richly furnished chamber, where two ladies and as many servants were gathered around the bed, upon which there lay one of the most beautiful young girls he had ever seen in his life.

She was apparently about twenty-one or two years of age—a perfect blonde, with hair like threads of finest gold, and a face whose pure, delicate profile, once seen, could never be forgotten. Her eyes he could not see, for they were hidden beneath her waxen lids, whose long, golden lashes swept the marble cheek; but he could well imagine their color, blue as wood violets in June.

Her grace, a woman of perhaps sixty years, but upright in form and sprightly in her movements as a girl of sixteen, came forward, at his entrance, and greeted him graciously.

"Doctor Morton," she said, "we are greatly relieved by your presence. Allow me to present my friend, Mrs. Stewart. And now will you come and examine the patient, our dear Helena?"

Percy made his bow to Mrs. Stewart, and then he was at the bedside, his fingers upon the delicate wrist of the insensible girl, almost before she had ceased speaking.

There was scarcely any pulse; it was but a feebly vibrating thread.

He laid his hand upon her heart.

None but the most skilful touch could have detected a movement; but he knew that life was not extinct.

It was evidently a case of protracted syncope.

The resolute lines settled firmly about the young physician's mouth; he meant to save this lovely maiden if it was in the power of human skill to do so.

He issued his orders in a quiet, authoritative tone, which he never would have presumed to use in that presence under any other circumstances. The man and the gentleman were merged in the physician, polish and etiquette in the professional. He forgot everything but that a human life lay in his hands and hung upon his promptness and skill.

An hour passed.

To the other watchers, gathered there, there seemed to be no change; but to Percy Morton, keenly alive to every sign, there appeared a little hope; the thread-like pulse was just a shade stronger, the delicate veins about those fair temples did not look quite so livid, nor the sweet lips quite so rigid and hueless.

He did not relax his vigilance an instant; not even to glance up from that death-like face when some one entered the room and handed the duchess a yellow envelope, although he was conscious of the act, and he instinctively knew that it was a telegram.

Her grace tore it eagerly open, read it and then uttered a little cry of dismay, while she turned to the anxious watchers, and said:

"Sir Henry cannot come for several hours yet; he has a case which it will not do to leave, but he will be with us just as soon as possible."

"She will die!" moaned Mrs. Stewart, despairingly, as she turned her agonized gaze upon the still figure on the bed.

"She shall not die, God helping me," Percy said, within himself, all his will rising to battle for the precious life in his care.

He administered, as if she were peaceful, ordered fresh draughts and more artificial heat to be applied to the extremities and body, and never relaxed his vigilance.

Yes, the deadly stupor was surely yielding to his tireless efforts, those blue lips were relaxing their rigid outline, while a little mirror held to every now and then held to them was at last slightly blurred by returning respiration.

Another half hour and a faintly-drawn breath, natural, though feeble, told that he had conquered.

At the sound the distracted mother seized his hand in the excess of her gratitude.

"She will live! You have saved her!" she articulated, in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes, God willing, she will do well now," he answered, quietly, reverently.

Almost as he spoke those white lips quivered, then the golden lashes swept upward and he found a pair of wondrously beautiful eyes looking inquiringly up into his.

He motioned aside, motioning Mrs. Stewart to take his place.

"What is it, mamma?" the girl asked, weakly.

"You have had a fainting turn, Helena," her mother replied, as she bent and touched her lips to her white forehead.

A shadow crossed her face, and she turned her head to look at the physician beside her mother.

He was regarding her earnestly. Their eyes met, and in here he seemed to read an appeal, an earnest entreaty not to let that deadly darkness settle down upon her again.

The look touched him, even thrilled him.

"It will not return," he said, almost involuntarily. "But you must obey me implicitly, and keep very quiet."

She smiled slightly; an expression of content stole over her perfect features, and a delicate flush just tinged, for a moment, her cheek at his reassuring words.

"You think the fainting will not recur?" questioned the duchess, drawing the young man aside and studying his face critically.

"No, your grace, I feel quite confident that with proper care the young lady will do well," he replied.

"But it was a very dangerous attack, was it not?"

"Very; a half hour's longer delay would doubtless have been fatal."

The duchess grew very pale at these words. She had been in favor of waiting for her own physician, but Mrs. Stewart had begged to send for other aid until he should arrive, and now it was not pleasant to think that if her advice had been followed her lovely guest would have died.

"What is your reason for thinking the attack will not return?"

"My reason for the opinion is that the young lady appears to be in perfect health; I can discover no symptoms of organic disease. With such a perfect circulation, such fine appetite, such a fine physique and strong lungs, such attacks are entirely at variance with nature," Dr. Morton explained.

"What could have caused this one then?" the duchess inquired, with some surprise and a puzzled look.

"After what I have just said it would seem as if I should more properly put the question to you, madam, or to the young lady's mother," Percy replied, smiling slightly, yet with a look of grave inquiry in his eyes. "I should say that it was produced by the occurrence of some frightful incident or sudden mental shock."

The duchess' rosy cheeks took on a deeper hue at these words, and she experienced a growing respect for this grave, dignified young doctor, who was so keen a detective, but if she had been able to keep his tongue from making curious inquiries and simply attend to the business in hand.

She saw that he had suspected that the fainting had been caused by some unpleasant incident, but without meddling with what did not concern him he had accepted the situation as he had found it, and exerted all his skill to undo the mischief that had been done.

There had been a frightful shock of some kind, although it was as yet a mystery to every one save the fair girl herself; for one of the servants had been standing in the adjoining room from Helena Stewart, who was walking in the park, and when he hastened to her she was stretched lifeless upon the ground, and that was all that was known of the matter.

CHAPTER XI.

PERCY MEETS SIR HENRY HARWOOD.

"It will not be best to ask the young lady any questions at present," Percy continued. "She must not be agitated or annoyed in any way. She will be weak and languid for several days, she may even have a relapse, but if she has no shock to produce another attack, I see no reason why she may not be quite herself before the week is out."

"It is very strange—I cannot understand it," said the duchess, thoughtfully. "I shall not feel satisfied until I know what caused it."

Percy simply bowed. Her grace did not call for any reply, and although he, too, secretly felt very curious to know what had been the cause of the fair girl's illness yet he would not say so.

He prepared something to be given her every two hours, gave a few directions to be followed in case she should grow worse, and he noticed that his patient's glance followed somewhat anxiously his every movement.

He went to her bedside, touched her pulse, laid his cool, firm hand lightly on her forehead, looking searchingly down into her eyes meanwhile.

"Do you wish anything?" he asked, in a low, quiet tone.

Her lips formed the word "No," but a flush tinged her cheek again, and that same expression still shone in her eyes.

Percy felt very sure that something lay upon her heart, but he did not dare to put it to question her, and took his leave, after promising to look in again toward evening, in case the London physician did not come.

Her grace followed him from the room, and begged that would remain to lunch with the family.

He declined courteously, pleading his duties to his other patients, and even refused to be carried back to town, saying that the morning was bright and cool and fine and he would walk.

Her ladyship graciously extended her hand to him at parting. She liked the straightforward, self-contained young doctor right well, and told herself that she would see more of him.

As Percy was walking down the avenue leading to the highway, thinking over the strange occurrence of the morning, and pondering upon the remarkable loveliness of the young girl who had become his patient under such peculiar circumstances, he encountered the man who had come to summon him.

"Ah! you have returned," he remarked with his genial smile, for Percy Morton was courteous alike to rich or poor, high or low—a thorough Christian gentleman, who believed that while he was a healer of the sick, it was also had a mission to perform in ministering to their moral needs as well.

"Yes, sir, some time ago, sir," the man responded, doffing his hat respectfully; "and I've just been down to the rhododendron walk to see if I could find out what frightened the young ledjy."

"Ah! is it near by?" Percy asked, with a sudden look of interest.

"Yes, sir; the first walk on the right, and the rhododendrons are a goodly sight, sir; if ye have time, just take a look at them; her grace is very proud of her collection."

"Thank you, my man, I will," Percy replied, and passed on.

He had another object, besides seeing the flowers, in going to the rhododendron walk. He wanted to view the spot where Miss Stewart had fainted. There was something very mysterious about the occurrence, and he had a theory of his own regarding it.

He turned to the first walk on the right, and a moment later found himself in a perfect bower of beauty.

The duchess had indeed reason to be proud of her special favorites, for the collection was very large as well as rare, and comprised many exceedingly beautiful specimens.

For a time Percy forgot his chief object, in coming here, in his admiration of the gorgeous display. He had never seen anything so lovely of the kind before, and he simply reveled in the masses of brilliant coloring.

But, on suddenly rounding a great bed of *Roseum Elegans*, whose wonderful bloom was almost dazzling to the eye, he came upon the spot, he was quite sure, where Miss Stewart had fainted. The gravel in the path had been kicked up in several places, and there were numerous foot-prints all about. A portion of the shrub, too, was broken, and some of the lovely flowers lay scattered on the ground, and even trampled into the earth.

A step or two farther on, and lying just under the shadow of the glowing shrub, something else attracted his keen eye and caused an exclamation, half of surprise, half of satisfaction, to escape him.

It was a glove—a gentleman's glove!

He stooped to pick it up. It was of kid—dark brown in color and heavily stitched on the back.

He smoothed it out in his hand, and as he did so he felt a hard substance in one of the fingers.

He shook it softly over his palm.

A ring dropped out—a plain, heavy circlet of gold, set with one of the loveliest cameos that he had ever seen. The cutting was very fine, and he knew that it was a valuable trinket. On the inside there was engraven the initials, "H. S. to C. O., June 5th, 18—."

"There is a lover in the case," he said, his eyes lighting, "and not an acceptable lover either, for some reason I should judge, these initials to the contrary notwithstanding. I surmise that the 'H' stands for Helena, and the 'C' for the name of the unfortunate young man who caused such mischief this morning.

"What shall I do with the treasure that I have found?" he continued, musingly. "If I give it to her grace suspicions and inquiries will immediately be set afloat, and perhaps result in getting my fair patient into even deeper trouble. If I give it to Miss Stewart it will be equivalent to telling her that I suspect an amorous intrigue, and perhaps get myself into hot water for my presumption. I think I will keep it for the present, and await future developments."

Arriving at this conclusion, Percy pocketed both glove and ring, and then turned his steps back toward the house, where he spent a busy day visiting his regular patients.

About seven in the evening he again presented himself at Osterly Park, where he was received with great kindness by the duchess.

Sir Henry Harwood had arrived only a half-hour previous, she told him, and was now with his patient, who had been very much better since his visit of the morning, although she seemed a trifle feverish as evening came on.

She frankly confessed to Sir Henry that had highly approved and heartily commended the young doctor's prompt and energetic treatment of the case, and claimed that the young lady had had a very narrow escape.

Moreover, he had expressed a desire to make Dr. Morton's acquaintance, and if he was agreeable he would be very much pleased to send a servant to tell him that he was there.

Percy expressed his pleasure at the opportunity offered of meeting a brother M. D.

He had often heard the eminent physician spoken of while he was studying in London, but he had never seen him, and now he esteemed it a piece of good fortune to be introduced to him under such favorable circumstances.

The duchess sent her message, and in the course of fifteen minutes the servant u-hered a distinguished looking man, of perhaps forty-five or eight years, into the room.

He possessed a grand physique; was tall and kingly in his bearing, with a fine, open face, a broad intellectual brow, from which his heavy iron-gray hair was brushed carelessly back. His eye was keen and piercing as a lance, but kindly in expression; his features somewhat massive but clearly cut—every line showing thought and great strength of character.

Percy's heart throbbed with a deep respect, almost amounting to reverence, as he arose to greet him.

"Ah! so this is Dr. Morton," Sir Henry remarked, as her grace introduced them, while he searched his companion with searching scrutiny—taking his measure," Percy thought.

"Well, I am truly glad to meet you, sir," he continued, and the hearty clasp of his hand testified to the sincerity of his words.

Percy replied that the pleasure was mutual, and then inquired how he had found his fair patient.

"Very comfortable, young man—very comfortable, thanks to your prompt and efficient treatment. Nothing is expected from me, I heard of you that you must be a much older man than I find you. How long have you been practicing?"

"Less than a year, sir!"

"Um! Where were you educated?" demanded the physician, giving him another look.

"At the Royal College of Physicians in London."

"Good," and Sir Henry also nodded an emphatic approval. "Fine institution—very thorough and practical, and you have proved yourself an apt pupil. What did you think of the young lady's case when you saw it?"

"She was in a very critical condition when I arrived—in a state of suspended animation, which would have resulted in death very shortly if she had not had help," Percy replied.

"Yes, yes—but what is your theory regarding the cause of the attack?" and again those searching eyes rested on the young doctor's face.

"It would better become me to ask that question of you, sir, out of respect to your longer practice and larger experience," Percy replied, evasively, and glancing toward the duchess as he spoke.

But she was buried in a new periodical, leaving the gentlemen free to talk the case over as they liked.

Sir Henry was quick to note the look, and understood that if Dr. Morton had a theory he did not wish to reveal it in that presence.

"You are very modest," he said, a slight smile of amusement curling his lips, "but I wanted your opinion of the case. Did you discover any local or organic trouble?"

"No, sir; nothing of the kind. I—think that the attack was produced by some sudden and terrible shock," Percy replied, in a low tone, with another glance at the duchess.

"That is my idea exactly. Miss Stewart is in altogether too sound a condition to be overcome by any ordinary occurrence—never fainted in her life before, her mother tells me. I tried to get at the bottom of the matter, but our patient evaded me very cleverly; just gave a nervous little laugh, and said she supposed I thought she was a little crazy, but she hoped it would never happen again. She says she remembers falling, with a terrible sensation at her heart and in her throat, but nothing more until she heard a strange voice and found herself at her bedside. Mind you, she does not say a word about anything that happened before she fell," Sir Henry concluded, impressively.

Percy could see that he suspected that something had occurred more than was allowed to appear, but he did not feel at liberty to divulge his secret, for he knew only the hope

A Death Ride.

For Saturday Night.

On the borders of Poland and Russia lies a small town, whose name Omennihtzka, although hard to pronounce and still harder to remember, nevertheless, on account of an incident witnessed by me alone has impressed itself on my memory in such a way as even now, long years after, to haunt me in my sleep.

A commercial traveler, my route once took me to the above named little town. Its ragged, desolate appearance gave a true picture of the sad state into which Poland had sunk during her fruitless effort to shake off the Russian yoke. Winter, hard and severe as it usually is in these countries, had covered everything with its icy mantle, I was very tired and half frozen, when, after a day's sleigh ride over vale and hill, through forest and moors, I at last drove up the broad, stone-paved main street. Pedestrians, wrapped in heavy, gray woolen cloaks, with a hood of the same material drawn well down over head and ears, passed one another silently, while their breath like a tiny blue streak vanished in the clear, frosty air. As the town had only one hotel to boast of, it did not take me long to find it. When I, after a good supper, sat down with pipe and punch in front of a blazing fire, I forgot all my hardships during the day and dreamed of the golden future, when I, as a well-to-do tea merchant, could settle down in my beloved birthplace, Mos-gau. My brown study was at last interrupted by the landlord, who declared my bedroom ready for use. It being near bedtime, sleep seemed welcome, when I a few minutes later laid my head down upon a hard hay pillow. My sleep over went on, sound and undisturbed, until shortly after midnight, when distant cries for help awoke me. At first I thought it delusion or the effect of dreams, but soon a louder and more anxious cry made me spring out of bed and throw open the window. Hushed and still in the cold winter air the town lay before me, at a distance the mighty forest threw a dark shadow far out over the hard, frozen snow. Above a thousand glittering stars looked like as many diamonds set in the blue firmament. Already was I going to close the window, everything looked so quiet and peaceful, when the same blood-chilling cry made me start and look out over the fields; there from out of the forest shade came a man on horseback. In wild haste he made straight for the town, over hedges and ditches, over every barrier he sped in his mad career. Behind him, first far off, then closer and closer was something in pursuit; it looked like a continuation of the forest shade, then it became scattered. Oh, horror! Now I saw what it was.

Wolves! wolves! maddened by hunger.

On and on the rider came, swiftly and silently the fiendish beasts gained upon him. Now he entered the street and I could clearly distinguish him. He was a tall, stout man clad in a dark cloak, whose cape fluttered in the wind; he wore riding boots with large spurs, whose sharp points were dug into the sides of a powerful black horse.

It was an awful sight. As he came thundering through the empty street big sparks of fire flew from the horse's shoes as they in swift succession struck the stone pavement. A heartrending cry echoed through the town when he looked back and saw his pursuers close upon him, one large gray wolf was so near that it made constant snaps at his legs. I shuddered to see how the red tongue hung out of its mouth, while the eyes looked like two balls of fire. Now the unhappy man came quite close. I could see the pale, terror-stricken face as it looked to every side for help. For one second he stopped. With the butt of a large pistol, which he seemingly beforehand had emptied on the pack, he struck the beast a fearful blow on the head. It fell, rolled over and then disappeared under the advancing wolves, whose snarls and breaking of bones could be heard afar off as they greedily devoured their comrade. Those who came after did not even stop. They kept straight on after the rider, who had gained a little; but it could not last. I saw his horse covered with foam, and trembling in every limb. "God have mercy on his soul! He is a doomed man!" I sighed as I saw him disappear, followed by the bloodthirsty demons. I knew he could get in nowhere. Every gate and doorway had been closed and barred for the night. In these unruly times no one would open before daybreak, and even if they did the unhappy man would not have time to stop and try to get in. Standing in the second story of the hotel I was unable to help. Only a few minutes later the air rang with a shriek so fearful in its anguish and pain that even now I seem to hear it. It was the death shriek of the horse, and I prayed long and earnestly for its master. Next morning a peasant brought a saddle and a few torn pieces of clothing, all soiled with blood. I went to the magistrate and told what I had witnessed during the night, but although every effort was made the name of the unfortunate night rider remained a mystery to all.

BIRGER BECH.

Parkdale.

"Bingen on the Rhine"

(A Typical Parody.)

The editor of a newspaper lay dying in his lair, and the dew of death had gathered on his brow so calm and fair; but a young man knelt beside him as his life blood ebbed away, and asked the dying writer if he had a word to say. The doomed man murmured softly, as he grasped the printer's fist: "Well at last the struggle's over, and I never will be missed; take a message and a token to that city man of mine, that all his wormout chestnuts he had better put in brine. There's his joke about the weather, which he's used these many years, and the gag about the fellow who is always hunting bears, and the item he's so fond of on the man who peddles books, and the chestnut based on people who go fishing at the brooks; just to save the paper's credit and cast no slurs on mine, I would ask him as a favor, just to put such gags in brine. And the lie he's fond of telling of the street-cars and the tracks, and ancient joke about the man who steps upon some tacks; and the one about some dandy who will never pay for clothes, and the one on women—it's weary, goodness knows; Oh, I know I'll slumber happy in my grave beneath the vine, if the man who does the city work will put these jokes in brine. Tell the man who tends to business not to weep when I am dead, but to buy himself a club and hit the first man on the head who comes in with strings of items and requests them printed free when the regular rates are cheaper than they really ought to be. Tell the foreman when he makes up not to turn a rule for me, but to simply print an item saying that my soul is free; for I want no eulogistic taffy of that kind in mine, and I think such hoary chestnuts should be pickled well in brine. Have that gay and fresh reporter I engaged the other day, put a stop to saying 'selah. Also, 'we have come to stay'; and if he should say 'ye local' you must trample him in his gore, for you know I'd never allow it in the happy days of yore. And the man who comes to tell you how to run the paper well, should be greeted when he enters with a pewter chestnut bell; and you'll print the paper promptly, be the weather full of storms, and the foreman must be careful, when he's making up the forms, that the beauty of the paper may through all the ages shine, and not be like its neighbors, only fit to put in brine." The dying writer faltered, and these simple words he spoke, and the printer heard directly that he was about to croak. So he propped him as gently as a child; but the writer's soul had vanished to the land of undefiled. And the printer sobbed a little, as he gave one last caress, and he muttered: "I must leave him, for it's time to go to press. Very few could beat him writing, for his writings were divine, and he never had to place them in a bucketful of brine."

How War Pictures are Painted.

A lady who went with her soldier husband to see some pictures of incidents in the Soudan campaign, after contemplating a big canvas on which was depicted an exciting charge of cavalry, asked him naively where the artist sat to paint the picture! She was evidently under the impression that it had been done on the spot. Whether she pictured the painter in a balloon, with easel and canvas complete, his mouth full of brushes and surrounded by colors, working away for dear life; or whether she had an idea that he sat in a bullet-proof shed, with "Beware of hurting the artist" in large letters outside, it is impossible to say, but she perhaps paid the greatest possible compliment to the spirit of the picture by thinking it was done then and there.

It is a matter of some curiosity how artists do paint the great war pictures which appear in our exhibitions and galleries from time to time. That they have seen what they paint the work tells plainly; although the expressions of the various faces may to some extent be created by the painter, they are more an effort of memory than of imagination. In a picture where many of the figures are portraits it is certain that probably at no time during a campaign were so many distinguished persons assembled so closely together.

The artist in this case has made faithful sketches of the place and of groups of officers and men as he has frequently seen them. To these sketches he is adding bits day by day. One day there may be a skirmish, then the artist either sees it or perchance takes his part with his brothers of the sword, for his pencil is not his only implement whilst he is seeing service. He either sketches it as he looks on or from memory, adding, day by day, little details. One time the position of a horse rearing over the body of a fallen foe may strike the artist, who works at it until he gets the idea he wants, when the sketch is laid aside to be used or not, as he may think fit, in the composition of his big picture.

This is a business of later date, when the turmoil of battle is over and the painter has regained the peaceful seclusion of his own beloved studio. Then it is that the big canvas is mounted on a giant easel, and the artist's brain begins to work and give off the impressions made upon it through the sights his eyes saw during the stirring events in which he has recently participated. The sketches furnish him with background and coloring; it may be he has washed in some colors to make sure of being absolutely correct in that respect, for memory plays strange tricks with color.

When this has all been sketched in, then comes the grouping, in which the sketches again form an important part. Afterwards there is the work of painting the guns, the horses, the men in correct uniform, just as they were on that day—engineers, blue jackets, guards, linesmen, ambulance corps, each in every respect and every detail correct—or else captious critics, well up in military matters and martinets as regards equipments, will speedily let the world know wherein the picture fails. All this must be done from the living models, just as the portraits of the heroes of the day must be painted from life, if they will spare time for sittings. If not, other means must be found for portraying features familiar enough to the public through the medium of the photographer or the illustrated press. Indeed, the artist has most probably provided himself with some sketches of these celebrities which, in default of a proper sitting being attainable, serve to give likenesses easily enough recognised.

Perhaps no man has painted more pictures of war incidents than the Russian artist Verestchagin, who went through the Russo-Turkish campaign in Bulgaria, and sketched from sight some of the scenes and atrocities of that awful war, which he afterwards made into pictures and exhibited them through many countries as well as in London and Liverpool. He says he remembers one day at Shipka sitting down to sketch under cover of a Turkish bullet-proof block-house, when three shells in rapid succession struck the roof, and having broken everything, and covered his pallet thickly with dust and dirt, he had to leave his work unfinished. The bullets were whizzing about like flies, and shells bursting on every side. The men found it dangerous to venture outside the close earth huts, which swarmed with every species of insect, because the Turks occupied a commanding position and could literally pick them off with rifle fire.

At times the rations were brought round from the shelter of the hills in carts drawn by three horses. Hungry men would brave danger and surround these carts, when suddenly a shell would burst, and cart, horses, and men, would become confused in one heap. One night the frost was very intense, and as the Russian soldiers had only thin overcoats (their warm clothing did not reach them until spring), strict orders were given that the regiments were to be kept awake. Verestchagin dozed beside a camp fire, but, feeling himself freezing he woke up and smoked a cigar, waiting until it was time to march.

These were hard experiences for the sake of getting pictures, and yet, they were but little things compared to some that the artist endured. That he caught the spirit of the time will be admitted by all who saw his pictures, which, morbid as they were, in no wise exaggerated the horrors of that dreadful war. Verestchagin did not allow natural grief for the loss of relatives to stop the exercise of his art.

After the battle of Plevna, he heard that one of his brothers had been killed and one wounded, he himself was wounded, but, unheeding that he set out to try and hear of his wounded brother. The scenes that met his eyes was one which he afterwards transmitted to canvas. Eighteen thousand men of the Russian army were killed and wounded. The number of the latter was so great that the doctors could not attend to all, and many were left for days together with wounds undressed and without food or drink. Those of whose recovery there was no hope were simply left to die—there was no time to waste over them whilst lives might still be saved. Many in this dying condition the artist sketched, and afterwards painted, with gauze coverings thrown over them to keep off the flies. Even the expressions of their faces he endeavored to have caught as he probably examined each, anxiously looking for his own brother.

One day he was asked by a general if he would like to see a spy led away. The artist went and saw a house entered by soldiers. The house was guarded on every side, and from it, half an hour later, followed by the soldiers who had entered, emerged a tall, dark man in civilian dress, his hat on one side, and his hands thrust into his jacket pockets. He kept his eyes steadily on the soldiers in front, no doubt wondering which of them had the bullet in his rifle, which was so soon to end his life. Needless to say, the artist sketched it all for a picture of one of the most dramatic incidents of the war.

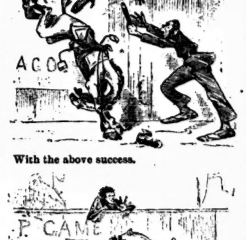
When Plevna was taken, the Turks, in leaving, were too weak to resist the severe frost, and fell along the road from there to the Danube, which was strewn with soldiers frozen to death. Verestchagin had heard that this was a painless death, in which case in painting the scene the faces would have to be serene. He, with artistic instincts all aroused, set out with a Cossack companion, and closely examined some of the faces of the dead men along the road.

The result of his examination was that he painted every face with the impress of deep suffering, that being as he found them without exception. Nothing seems to have escaped the artist who took his chance with the rest through death and danger, and fought when fighting was to be done, as must all artists who go with the soldiers through a campaign, even though their object be so pacific a one as to come home again and paint successful war pictures.

How He Saw the Game for Nothing.

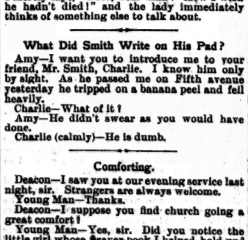
Small boy waits for an opening.

He sees it.



Proceeds to take advantage of it.

With the above success.



Tableau! —*Judge.*

Poor, Dear Man.

A man who married a widow has invented a device to cure her of eternally praising her former husband. Whenever she begins to descant on his noble qualities this ingenious No. 2 merely says, "Poor, dear man! How I wish he hadn't died!" and the lady immediately thinks of something else to talk about.

What Did Smith Write on His Pad?

Amy—I want you to introduce me to your friend, Mr. Smith, Charlie. I know him only by sight. As he passed me on Fifth avenue yesterday he tripped on a banana peel and fell heavily.

Charlie—What of it?

Amy—He didn't swear as you would have done.

Charlie (calmly)—He is dumb.

Comforting.

Deacon—I saw you at our evening service last night, sir. Strangers are always welcome.

Young Man—Thanks.

Deacon—I suppose you find church going a great comfort?

Young Man—Yes, sir. Did you notice the little girl whose prayer-book I helped hold up?

Deacon—Yes.

Young Man—She's a great comfort, too.

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

GEO. W. SHAVER

(Successor to JAFFRAY & RYAN)

Grocer, Tea and Wine Merchant

NATIVE PORT AND SHERRY WINES.

On draught and in PRIME CONDITION, a full stock of the above Wines from the best makers. Our PORTS are particularly fine. Also COCKBURN'S CELEBRATED WHITE PORT, for invalids—highly recommended by the medical profession.

GEO. W. SHAVER

Telephone 1850. 244 Yonge and 2 Louisa sts.

JAMES PAPE

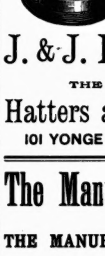
FLORAL ARTIST

78 Yonge Street, Toronto

Specialities for Weddings and Evening Parties. Funeral Designs on the Shortest Notice.

Telephone 1461. Conservatories, 167 Carlaw Av., Queen St. East.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR



LADIES

Afflicted with an overgrowth or superfluous hair on face, arms, neck, etc., also moles and other blemishes can have the same permanently removed by

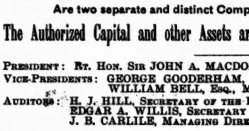
Dorenwend's New Method

without pain and without leaving traces of operation. This is positively the only sure remedy in existence. Years of experimenting have brought this system to perfection. A sure cure guaranteed. Write or call for particulars.

A. DORENWEND

Paris Hair Works, 103 & 105 Yonge St., Toronto

The Greatest House for Fine Hair Goods in Wigs, Bangs, Switches, etc., in Canada.



J. & J. LUGSDIN

THE LEADING

Hatters and Furriers

101 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Dineens' Great Hat Sale

WHOLESALE PROFITS ONLY

We wish it thoroughly understood that the prices on our hats cover but two profits—the manufacturer's and our own—which is in reality a wholesaler's profit. We buy in wholesale lots strictly for cash, direct from the manufacturer. We retail every day single hats at wholesale prices. Our stock is well known as the largest and finest in Toronto, probably in all Canada, and our facilities, thus explained, enable us at all times to sell any hat 50c lower than any competitor.

W. & D. DINEEN

Cor. King and Yonge Sts.

Orders By Mail Receive Prompt Attention.

WHEATON & CO.

ALWAYS AHEAD WHEN A NEW

London Style

COMES OUT. SEE THE LATEST

NEW SCARFS

"THE LOUIS PHILLIPE"

"THE VIVIAN"

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW. ALSO

NEW ENGLISH COLLARS

WHEATON & CO.

17 KING STREET WEST

COR. JORDAN.

JOHN FLETCHER

IRON AND STEEL WORK

Roofs, Girders, Beams, Stairs, Columns, and all kinds of Iron Work for Building Purpose

OFFICE:

530 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

The Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company

AND

THE MANUFACTURERS' ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY

Are two separate and distinct Companies with full Government Deposit.

The Authorized Capital and other Assets are respectively $2,000,000 and $1,000,000

PRESIDENT: RT. HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, P. C., G. C. B.

VICE-PRESIDENTS: GEORGE GOODERHAM, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE BANK OF TORONTO, WILLIAM BELL, ESQ., MANUFACTURER, GUELPH.

AUDITORS: H. J. HILL, SECRETARY OF THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION ASSOCIATION, TORONTO, EDGAR A. WILLIS, SECRETARY BOARD OF TRADE, TORONTO. J. B. CARLILE, MANAGING DIRECTOR, TORONTO, ONT.

POLICIES ISSUED ON ALL THE APPROVED PLANS. LIFE POLICIES PURCHASED AND ANNUITIES GRANTED.

PIONEERS OF LIBERAL ACCIDENT POLICIES!

Issues Policies of all kinds at moderate rates. Policies covering Employers' Liability for Accidents to their workmen, under the Workmen's Compensation for Injuries' Act, 1886. Best and most liberal form of Workmen's Accident Policies. Premium payable by easy instalments, which meets a long-felt want

AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

H. S. MORISON & CO.'S

GRAND FALL OPENING

OF

Mantle & Dress Show Rooms

The Newest Berlin, Paris, London and New York Styles in

MANTLES, JACKETS AND ULSTERS

Just Opened—Two cases Ulsters, one case Short Jackets.

Dress Goods—In all the latest fashionable combinations and shades. Two cases French and German Novelties just to hand.

Our Silks cannot be approached for quality and prices.

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING AN ART WITH US

We employ only the most skilled artistes. Every garment guaranteed a perfect fit. Prices always as moderate as is consistent with good work.

LADIES

Do not fail to inspect our stock of goods, all marked in plain figures, and nobody pressed to buy.

H. S. MORISON & CO.

218 Yonge Street, corner Albert Street

Society.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Mrs. Hoskin, Miss McCarthy, Mr. Jones, Mr. Goldingham, Capt. Sears, Capt. Wise, A.D.C., Mr. W. H. Long, M.P., of London, England, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble, the Misses Shanly, Miss Small, Mr. Small, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Hodgins, Professor and Mrs. Hutton, Miss Castle of Cobourg, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson, Mr. Tilley, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Dumoulin, Miss Robinson, Mr. Beverley Robinson, Mr. Reginald Thomas, Captain and Mrs. Grant, Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Miss Crooks, Major Dawson, Miss Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Colonel and Mrs. Denison, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Pipon, Miss Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Torrance, Miss Langmuir, Mr. Rowley Moffatt and many others.

Miss Castle of Cobourg is staying with her sister, Mrs. Crowther, in Toronto.

Captain Geddes is paying a visit to Mrs. Stephen Heward at her country place near Orillia.

Mr. C. N. Shanly is also a guest of Mrs. Stephen Heward's.

Hon. Alexander Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, with a party of friends, of whom Mr. W. H. Long, M. P., a member of Her Majesty's present Government, is one, left town on Thursday. In a private car of the C. P. R. the party is to proceed by leisurely stages to the Rockies and Pacific coast, and will have ample time to examine what interests the country offers *en route*. The visit of an English statesman to Manitoba and the North-West, in such pleasant company, cannot fail to leave the best of impressions on his mind, which impressions should bear good fruit when he returns to England and once more takes his place in Parliament.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith's Thursday afternoons of tennis, talk and tea at the Grange, are as popular and well attended now as they were in the early summer. Many ladies who do not consider themselves up to club form, and shirk the game at the Toronto Club's Mondays, wield the racket with confidence under the friendly auspices of Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith.

Mrs. Wolferstan Thomas of London, Ont., whose pretty wedding took place at St. George's only a few months ago, is staying with her sister, Mrs. McCullough, on College avenue.

Miss Vanderpuyl of New York, but whose looks would lead one to place her birth place in the south, has been staying at the Queen's. At Lady Macpherson's garden party Miss Vanderpuyl was distintly one of the attractions.

For readers of my gossip who do not know it already, it will be pleasant news to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson have resolved to abandon Galt during the coming winter, and are going to reside in town.

Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy gave a large dinner-party on Tuesday last.

Captain Ellison Wise, General Middleton's popular A.D.C., has been staying in town for a few days this week on his way back from London, Ont., to Ottawa.

Mr. R. Fox has returned to town after a long stay in Muskoka and at the Georgian Bay.

The Anglican Church of St. Barnabas is one of the prettiest edifices in the West End, and St. Barnabas never looked prettier than on the occasion of the marriage of Mr. C. C. Ambery and Miss Everett Cross last Wednesday evening.

The church was perfectly jammed from the entrance to the chancel with friends and relatives of the high contracting parties. Precisely at 5 o'clock the choir, fully surpliced, filed slowly from the vestry to the chancel singing that well known bridal hymn, The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden, and followed by the officiating clergymen, the Revs. H. Clark and J. A. Brouzhal (rector of St. Stephen's).

The bridegroom and his groomsmen, Mr. Jack Ambery and Mr. R. D. Sanson, in the meanwhile were waiting at the lower steps of the altar. As the last notes of the hymn died away the bridesmaids, Miss Cross (a sister of the bride) and Miss Russell, entered the church, looking exceptionally charming. Miss Cross was attired in a costume of pale pink china silk, trimmed handsomely with silk cord and girdle. She carried a bouquet of pink and cream rosebuds, and wore a wreath of pink blossoms around her head.

Miss Russell was handsomely gowned in a superb costume of white china silk and blue faille. Her bouquet was composed of pure, white roses, whilst a wreath of lilies encircled her head.

Just as the bridesmaids had taken their places at the altar, the bride appeared. Most brides are pretty, of course, but Miss Cross was an exceptionally pretty one, as she passed up the aisle of St. Barnabas on the arm of her grandfather, Mr. A. P. Macdonald. She was attired in a beautiful robe of cream corded silk, trimmed heavily with cream silk cord, bridal wreath of orange blossoms, and a veil of exceeding great length, which fell to the end of her train. A bouquet of cream rosebuds and a star of brilliants on her forehead lent a finished charm to her striking costume.

The church itself presented a most brilliant appearance. A large number of seats were reserved for the invited guests. The handsome costumes of the ladies made an admirable counterfoil to the sombre evening dress of the gentlemen, and, to these, the beautiful music, the lights and the charms of the bridal party formed one of the brightest and most fashionable affairs which has taken place in the west end for some time.

The bridal party and guests drove from the church to "The Hough," the residence of Mr. A. P. Macdonald, where a reception was held. The drawing-room was very prettily decorated with flowers and evergreens, the grounds appeared brilliant with colored lights, as the bridal party was welcomed with the strains of music from Neapolitan's Band. The supper was a very pleasant affair, during which the bride made her escape to appear again in a handsome traveling costume, and after receiving the congratulations of their friends, and amidst a shower of rice, etc., the happy pair took their departure for an extended tour through the Eastern States.

The costumes of the ladies were very handsome. Mrs. Cross (mother of the bride) wore a gown of rich cream and old gold brocade combined with blue. Mrs. A. P. Macdonald a robe of rich black silk velvet, trimmed heavily with jet and cord *en train*. Mrs. Milligan a costume of black satin trimmed with jet, cut V wise behind and in front. The costumes of Miss Dupont and Miss Amy Dupont were very handsome. Mrs. A. R. Kirkpatrick wore her very beautiful wedding robe of white silk and pearls. The Misses Annie and Julia Denison wore charmingly costumes of pink silver, Mrs. Henry Duggan a rich gown of pale green plush, the Misses Shanly were handsomely costumed in black. Miss Cumberland wore an exceeding beautiful gown of blue satin with bonnet to match. Miss Mercer Adam looked very well in a pale cream cashmere with pearl ornaments.

Dancing was kept up until a very early hour in the morning. Lack of space forbids my giving a complete list of the guests, among whom were Colonel and Mrs. Alger, Colonel Milligan, Colonel Fred Denison, Colonel G. T. Denison and the Misses Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Denison, Mr. and Miss Florence Mercer Adam, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Broughall, Dr. and Mrs. Ferguson of Niagara, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Donaldson, Rev. Mr. and Miss Wright of London, Mr. Haggard, Mr. A. R. Kirkpatrick and the Misses Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Ed. Leigh, Miss Ratcliffe, Mrs. Ayton of Ottawa, Mr. and the Misses Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Wright of Stratford, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdougall, Mr. Henry Duggan, Mr. Charles Lindsey, Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey, Mr. W. L. M. Lindsey, Mr. Graeme G. Adam, Major and Mrs. Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Donaldson, Mrs. Macdonell, Miss Marie Macdonell, the Misses Strathy, Boddy, Hall, Browning, Fullerton, Heward, Eddis, Boyd, Maughan and Masten, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, Mr. and the Misses Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Mr. and the Misses McDonald, Mr. and the Misses Scott, Mr. A. Monro Grier, the Misses Lindsey, Mr. and Mrs. J. Featherstonhaugh, Mrs. and the Misses Gordon, Mrs. and the Misses Morgan, Mrs. and the Misses Strickland, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Wye, Dr. Doble, Dr. and Mrs. Love and many others.

The wedding presents were very handsome and numerous, and I can only regret that lack of space prevents my giving a detailed list.

Personal.

Sir Alexander Campbell has been spending the week in Ottawa.

All Saints' Church will have a surpliced choir within the walls to-morrow.

Chief Justice Armour of Cobourg was in town at the commencement of the week.

Dr. Jolliffe of Wolfe Island spent a few days last week with his friends in Toronto.

Mr. A. Henderson, jr., of Oshawa, was in town for a few days, taking in the exhibition.

Mr. Henderson, barrister, of Norwood, spent the week in town, and is looking uncommonly well.

Mr. Edmund Wragge returned on Sunday night after a two months' sojourn in the Old Country.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Botsford of 190 Spadina avenue have arrived home after a three months' tour in England, Scotland and the Continent.

Mrs. Youmans, well known to the temperance folks of Toronto, is gradually recovering from what was at one time supposed to be a fatal illness.

Amongst the various notables who have come and gone during the week, has been the Hon. Thomas Greenway, Premier of Manitoba, who arrived in the city last Monday evening.

Mr. J. P. Colton, business manager of Janauschek was in the city this week on his first visit and made an exceedingly favorable impression amongst the theater and newspaper people.

Miss Carnie of Paris, who has been spending a very enjoyable month with Mrs. D. McDermid, Jarvis street, returned home during the week to the regret of many friends in Toronto.

The Argonaut Club has an "At Home" this afternoon. The final races from Thursday and Friday will come off, also canoe racing, after which dancing will be indulged in to the strains of Marcicano's band.

Mr. Claude Boulton returned last week from a tour through Great Britain, Ireland, Austria, Germany, and the great picture galleries. His collection of German pipes (hand painted) is a special feature of itself.

Mr. John Small, member for East Toronto, and Mrs. Small returned on Thursday from the Pacific coast. During their trip Mr. and Mrs. Small were at Banff, Victoria, Vancouver, and all the points of interest in British Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Keeling returned from their wedding tour last week, and on September 18, gave an At Home at their residence, 247 Jarvis street. A large number of friends were present, dancing being enjoyed until a late hour.

On Wednesday evening next the choir of the Church of the Redeemer will sing a service of praise in the new Church of the Epiphany, in Parkdale, under Mr. Schuch's direction. The soloists will be Miss Langstaff, Miss Campbell, Miss Grundy, Mr. Coleman, Mr. Schuch and Mr. Fairclough.

Mr. F. C. McGee's departure by last Saturday's Montreal boat was witnessed by quite a number of personal friends who had assembled to say "good bye." Mr. McGee joins his mother at Halifax, whence they leave for a six months' residence in the sunny south.

On Wednesday evening last Mr. and Mrs. Spain gave an extremely pleasant party at their residence on Queen street west. The evening was most agreeably passed with music and dancing, and at a late hour the delighted guests left with a grateful sense of the good-natured hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Spain.

The Church Woman's Mission Aid Society of the Divine, of Toronto, met again for work at their rooms, No. 1 Elm street, Toronto, at 2 p.m. on Friday, Sept. 21st. Any contributions of clothing, books, underclothing may be sent to the rooms, No. 1 Elm street, and money contributions to the secretary, Mrs. W. T. O'Reilly, 37 Bleeker street, Toronto.

Mrs. W. Barclay McMurrich of St. George street returned this week from her summer home on Lake Joseph, Muskoka, where she has been spending a few weeks since her arrival from the old country. Mrs. McMurrich was accompanied by her nieces, the Misses Maggie and Eva Watson of Hamilton, who have been staying with her.

Mr. Joseph Adamson's yacht, the Alarm, had on board a large and merry party on Monday last. The ascent of the venturesome aeronaut, Prof. Williams, occurred at the moment the Alarm passed the Exhibition grounds, and his unexpected drop within a few hundred yards of the yacht, provided a sensation. The steam launch being fully two miles distant from the unfortunate aeronaut, the timely assistance of Messrs. Eddis and Hughes spared him a long and chilly wait in the ice-cold water, for which he expressed himself to those on board as extremely grateful. "A strong wind and a flowing sea," beautiful moonlight, rattling good songs, and, on the return tack, the splendid fireworks at the Exhibition grounds, combined with other pleasing incidents to make Mr. Jack Eddis' party on the Alarm one to be long remembered. Following are the names of those on board during this pleasant cruise: Mrs. Leith, the Misses Eddis, Miss Mabel Hooper, Miss Jessie Hooper, Miss Kersteman, Miss Thomas, Miss Elwell, Miss Minnie Elwell, Miss Orde; Messrs. Adamson, Oates, Eddis (3), Hunter, Mitchell, Kappele, Hughes, Grant and Brown.

A very pleasant party were entertained on the 15th inst., by Mr. F. B. Polson, on board his steam yacht, the Vivid. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. Wm. Galbraith and Mrs. Rogers, who gracefully undertook the management of a cozy tea, which was served on board, after which the party enjoyed a pleasant sail on the bay and lake. The Vivid reached the foot of Sherbourne street about nine p. m., whence the party immediately drove to Mr. Polson's residence on Pembroke street. A feature of the evening was the cotillion led by Mrs. J. Rogers and Mr. H. S. Hunter. This is a pretty dance, to waltz time, where the figure is danced under different colored muslins, which are held by the couples dancing, the favors being, for the ladies small Japanese fans, and tobacco pouches for the gentlemen. Among those present were noticed Miss Harvey, Miss Field, Miss Scott, Miss H. Scott, Miss Henderson, Miss Marshall, Miss Rice, Miss McCausland, and Mrs. A. Scott, Messrs. Skinner, Brooks, Hill, Bogart, Dr. Broburgh, Barrett, Piddington, Arnold, Morphy, Eddis, Cowan, A. Boyd, Hunter and Mitchell.

Mme. Janauschek.

(Continued from Page One.)

receiving $42 per month at Cologne, where she received every possible social recognition. Shortly after removing to Frankfort, where she remained for eleven years, her fame as a great tragedienne became established, and she was engaged at the Royal Theater, Dresden, at a salary of $2,500 a year. This engagement endowed her with the title of Royal Actress, and she became the special favorite and protege of King John. Through the intercession of Princess Amelia, who was her particular friend, she was released from her engagement, and, after starring for three years through Europe, she came to America.

Her impersonation of Meg Merrilies to which she is devoting her present attention is strongly different from the chief *roles* in which she has been seen through the past few seasons. Her success is complete and indubitable, the performance seeming to be peculiarly adapted to her distinguished talents. It requires breadth, combined with subtlety, grandeur and grotesqueness. These ingredients are naturally repulsive in many ways, and only a cunning hand can combine them, and beyond all mechanical requirements, there must be a deeply tragic sensibility, and it is this that invests her impersonation of Meg Merrilies with so great a charm. With her it is the sybil quite as distinctly as the woman that is uppermost. Perhaps it has less pathos than the performance of Charlotte Cushman had, but it must be remembered that the imagination cleans a glory from a scene which is afar. A comparison of the past with the present is frequently unfair. The fact remains that the Meg Merrilies of Mme. Janauschek is an indomitable, powerful and impressive characterization exquisitely human in its quieter moments and seeming superhuman at its great heights of achievement.

It has been said that Mme. Janauschek has been somewhat neglected by the theater-going public of late years, but this is not true of Toronto for here she always scores a triumph. That lately there has been a revival of interest in her interpretation of tragic roles elsewhere will be pleasing to all who are anxious that the classic traditions of tragic art shall not pass away altogether from the stage. Mme. Janauschek has made a brave and vigorous fight against listlessness and indifference and to all appearances she has won back a firm hold upon public favor.

The picture we present of the famous actress is not a good one, having been hastily made from an imperfect portrait, but her presence amongst us next week is sufficient to justify the effort to do her honor and give our readers a glimpse of the face of the great tragic actress.

Notice.

We would call the attention of our readers to the grand opening of Millinery, Mantle and Costume show rooms for the fall and winter season of 1888, at W. A. Murray & Co.'s, King street east. The display will be more than usually attractive, and should be seen by all.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

Society people are slowly returning from seaside, and hillside, and riverside, and in a very few more days most of the leaders will have settled down for a short rest before the commencement of the winter gaieties. It is fully expected that the season between the opening of winter and Lent will be a more than usually brilliant one. Our new Governor himself is of decidedly high social instincts, and his young family will undoubtedly set a good example, while the new ministerial blood that has been added to the cabinet will also help greatly in this direction.

Talking of the ministers and their families reminds me that the Minister of Customs is expected back from his western trip before SATURDAY NIGHT goes to press. He left here while the talk caused by his matrimonial misadventure was at its height. Hardly any of his colleagues have seen him since that event, so that he has yet to undergo the gentle chaffing that will be certainly his lot to endure when he does encounter them. Sir John certainly will not lose the opportunity to twit him at the first Cabinet meeting Mr. Bowell attends. It is stated now, on pretty reliable authority, that the cause of the breaking off the match was that the lady was known to occasionally join the giddy throng of dancers, and when her prospective husband mentioned this circumstance and desired a promise that she should abandon this innocent form of dissipation, she refused.

Sir John Thompson, the new knight, was a very generous host last winter and doubtless with the responsibility of his new dignity his entertainments will be even more welcome and frequent. Sir John has a nice young family, his two eldest boys being at home just now from Stonyhurst College, the great Roman Catholic University in England.

WATCHMAN.

OSHAWA.

Mrs. C. W. Scott is visiting in Buffalo.

Mrs. Jaques of Macedon, N. Y., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Demill, president of the ladies' college.

Dr. and Mrs. Belt are away on a western trip.

Mr. W. H. Lang has just returned from a month's tour up the lakes and through several cities of the United States.

Dr. Rae left on Thursday for Los Angeles, Cal., to represent the Grand Encampment, I. O. O. F., at the Sovereign Grand Lodge.

Mrs. A. P. Cameron left on Friday for her home in Minneapolis, accompanied by her sister-in-law, Mrs. W. H. Cameron, who purposes spending some time in Chicago and St. Paul.

Mrs. M. J. Redman (late of this town) has returned to her home in Detroit.

Mrs. Provan and Miss Addie Hall are sojourning at Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Williams of Toronto were guests at the Queen's last week.

There are rumors of a lawn party, weather permitting, to be given in a good cause, at the residence of Mrs. William Lang. It is late in the season for such, but the house will be thrown open also, and there is ample room in her beautiful home for all.

We have a Chautauqua Circle formed in town, with the mayor and several other prominent names on the list.

Mr. Robert Williams is said to have bought a house in town.

MAPLE CREEK.

The Misses Harris of Banaras, with their sister Mrs. Cox of Moncoe, and Miss Eleanor Skynner, have gone on a trip to the Pacific coast. They intend staying some weeks at the Banff springs, returning by the Northern Pacific after making a stay at the Yellowstone Park.

ORANGEVILLE.

A perfect whirlwind of gaiety has struck our town in the past few weeks. The first one to move in the right direction was Mrs. R. T. Haun who gave a splendid party at The Towers which everyone enjoyed thoroughly, as, in fact all the parties given by that lady are enjoyed, she being such a delightful hostess, and the ball-room being such a perfect one for dancing in.

The next to fall in line was Mrs. Lewis, whose party was also a very great success. Mrs. Lewis is such a clever hostess that any entertainment she ever undertakes to give is bound to be a success.

Judge McCarthy's beautiful residence was the scene of the next gaiety, and to say it was a success is a very mild way of expressing it. The conservatory was suggestive of an enjoyable time besides several other tempting arranged nooks which contributed their share to the enjoyment, being very liberally patronized by the fair ladies and their escorts.

The height of gaiety was attained last Friday evening, the occasion being an assembly given by the gentlemen of the town. Owing to the earliness of the season the number of visitors who attended was very small, those present being natives the most part. However, it was an assembly that will not soon be forgotten. The music was served as only Marcicano can serve it. The floor was perfect, and the company was a most congenial one. Everybody knew everybody else, which is one of the most delightful elements in an assembly. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Haun, Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, Dr. and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Aiken, Miss Doyle, Miss Morgan, Miss Sproat, Miss Steele, Miss Black, Miss Price, Miss Ward, Miss Hornibrook, the Misses Tuck, the Misses Walsh, the Misses Stewart, Miss Hewat and the Misses Flesher. To Mr. V. V. Lembke, the honorary secretary, is due a large measure of thanks for the success of this assembly.

On Wednesday of this week the Misses Tuck gave a dance, and like its predecessors it was enjoyed very much—may we have many more equally as nice.

Mrs. W. J. Walsh gave a five o'clock tea on Thursday with dancing after, in honor of her sister Mrs. D. L. Scott, who is visiting with her. It is needless to say that it was appreciated to its fullest extent. It was a very happy idea of Mrs. Walsh making this little innovation after the long list of other parties.

Those visiting in town at present are: Miss F. Morgan (Toronto) at Judge McCarthy's; Miss Sproat (Toronto) with Miss Steele; Miss Doyle (Detroit) and Miss Stacie (Parkdale) with Mrs. Henderson; Miss Ward (Alton) with Mrs. Haun; Miss Black and Miss Price (Ferguson) with Miss Ketchum; Mrs. Richardson with Miss Hewat; Miss Hornibrook with Mrs. Dennison. Mr. W.N. Irwin has been in town for the past week.

BEKKY.

CHATHAM.

Miss Annie Walker of Montreal, Miss Van Cleef of Howell, Mich., Miss Seabrook of Delaware, Miss Duke of Hamilton and Mr. A. W. Draper of Fort McLeod, N.W.T., are visiting Chatham friends.

Capt. Phillips and wife of Mobile, Tenn., are in town.

Mr. D. M. Christie returned a short time ago from his annual outing, and reports a pleasant canoeing trip from Fort Arthur to Winnipeg in company with several gentlemen from that latter city.

The marriage of Wm. M. Goodeve, accountant of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, to Mrs. R. H. G. Vicars, eldest daughter of Rufus Stephenson, ex-M.P., took place on the 15th inst. The wedding, which was a very quiet one—only intimate friends being invited—took place at the residence of the bride's father. Mr. and Mrs. Goodeve have gone to New York and Boston on their wedding trip, returning from thence to Ottawa, their future home.

Small parties have been very numerous of late, and amongst the more recent was one given by Mrs. Henry Smyth on Monday evening last. Mrs. Smyth is a splendid hostess, and the evening being cool enough to permit of dancing being thoroughly indulged in, every person had a pleasant and enjoyable time. Among the guests present were Miss Malcolmson, Miss Ardagh, Miss Lyons, Miss Rolls, Miss Moore, Miss Edith Moore, Miss Hargreave, Miss VanCleef, Miss Fraser, Miss Scott, Miss Taylor, and Messrs. W. Taylor, W. F. Malcolmson, H. Malcolmson, J. P. Dunlop, B. J. Garrett, C. R. Ball, Harry Taylor, H. S. Robertson, B. J. Sandys, A. W. Draper, H. Northwood.

CAYUGA.

A number of our young people drove to Dunnville to Miss Hal Johnson's party which was a most enjoyable affair.

Miss Katie Stevenson and Miss May Rogers once more in hapless exile mourn, or in other words these much missed young ladies are again back at the church school, Toronto.

Captain Battersby, R.N., and Miss Ogilvie of Buffalo have joined our social circle, being at Mrs. E. S. Martin's.

Mrs. Snider, Miss Kilmaster, Miss Baxter and the Misses Cotter are all away, as are Mr. B. Baxter, "Cornie," of the Bank of Hamilton, and Dr. Thompson, who was the more favorite of those finding life unendurable during a social stagnation.

Mr. Aylwin, from the Ambitious City, is relieving in the Bank of Hamilton.

A banquet was given by a large number of friends in honor of Mr. James Mitchell, the local registrar, on his return from the Pacific slope. In his response to the Guest of the Evening, Mr. Mitchell very pleasingly gave reminiscences of his trip. The gathering broke up about 2 a.m.

Mr. A. T. Thompson's tennis party for his friend and university chum Mr. A. Boultbee and Mrs. J. R. Martin's hop for the school girls have been the most enjoyable affairs of the week.

Mr. Harcourt of the Toronto University is with Barrister J. M. Mussen.

SAWBONES.

A Breach of Etiquette.

"Joe, I'm done for. Ruin is staring me in the face."

"That's a breach of good manners, isn't it? Stare her back!"

Always Will be Mist.

"Is it not singular," said he as he gazed at the mighty cataract of Niagara, "that the seemingly insufficient quantity of moisture that arises from that vast volume of water should be mist?"

He Left.

"How can I leave thee, O, my love?" warbled Adolphus, under the window of Eliza, one shimmering moonlight night, when up spoke the policeman on that beat and harshly said: "Come, now, young man, just move on. The family what lived here moved two weeks ago."

Couldn't Scare Her Off.

Husband (to his wife, who has asked him for money to go shopping)—Don't you know that Sam Jones says hell is full of women shopping?

Wife—Sam Jones may be able to scare his wife off with that sort of stuff, but you can't make it work on me. So come down with the currency.

Jewell's Restaurant.

The name of Jewell as an old time Toronto caterer is popular throughout Canada. Recently however, Mr. Jewell has retired from business, and his well-known restaurant on Jordan street has passed into the hands of Mr. Henry Morgan better known as "Harry," in the days of Jewell & Clow, and since then as manager of the Jewell Restaurant.

Harry has secured from Mr. Jewell the whole of the stock and fixtures, etc., and is now proprietor of the leading house in Canada in the catering line.

It is the intention of the present proprietor to make many changes in the restaurant in its internal arrangements, and Mr. Jewell in the meantime will take a well-earned rest.

Fine manners are like personal beauty—a letter of credit everywhere.

STECK

PIANOS

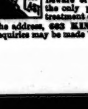
Are Preferred to all others after

Thirty Years' Test

SOLE AGENTS

P. W. Graham & Co.

63 King Street West



Toronto Exhibition, 1888

Ladies visiting the city can consult MADAME BOUDRER as to the removal of superfluous hair from the face, arms and neck. I guarantee a permanent cure. References from leading physicians and ladies that have received treatment. Beware of quacks and frauds as I am the only person who understands the treatment of electrolysis in Canada.

Note the address, 652 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO. Enquiries may be made by post. Enclose stamp.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

REEDY—On September 16, at Barrie, Mrs. George Reedy—a son.
DEFOE—On September 17, at 185 Muter street, Mrs. Edward A. Defoe—a daughter.
DARLING—On September 15, at Hillcrest, Rosedale, Mrs. Henry W. Darling—a son.
WALKER—On September 17, at Toronto, Mrs. Harton Walker—a daughter.
BUTTLER—On September 12, at Fairmount, Muskoka Lake, Mrs. C. F. Buttler—a son.
CLARKE—On September 14, at Toronto, Mrs. A. Russell Clarke—a daughter.
McCAUL—On September 9, at Lethbridge, N. W. T., Mrs. Charles Coursolles McCaul—a daughter.
LIGHTBOURN—On September 13, at Toronto, Mrs. Edmund T. Lightbourn—a son.
MASON—On September 16, at Toronto, Mrs. Effingham Mason of Napinka, Manitoba—a daughter.
ANDERSON—On September 14, at Toronto, Mrs. D. M. Anderson—a daughter.
BAIRD—On September 13, at Winnipeg, Mrs. A. B. Baird—a daughter.
FORD—On September 11, Mrs. J. H. Ford—a daughter.
LETT—On September 17, at Barrie, Mrs. F. A. Lett—a son.
MUTCH—On September 16, at Toronto, Mrs. John Mutch—a son.
RYERSON—On September 17, at Newnham House, College avenue, Toronto, Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson—a son.
SEWELL—On September 17, at Hamilton, Mrs. Henry DeQ. Sewell of Port Arthur, Ont.—a son.
BELL—On September 12, at Toronto, Mrs H. C. Bell—a son.
SYMONDS—On September 19, at 173 Dovercourt road, Mrs. H. Symonds—a daughter.

Marriages.

DUNCAN—ROWAND—On September 12, at Walkerton, James S. Duncan to Annie Eleanor Rowand.
ROGERS—ROBERTS—On September 11, at Temperanceville, David Arthur Rogers, to Ada Elizabeth Roberts, formerly of Scarboro' Township.
REVELL—THURSTON—On September 12, at Mountsberg, Lev. Revell, to Agnes Thurston of Puslinch.
DENNIS—DOWDING—On September 14, at Toronto, Henry Joseph Dennis, to Kathleen Maude Dowding of Brantford.
DENOVAN—PARKER—On September 13, at Toronto, Alice M. Denovan, to Lizzie Parker.
PETTIT—SANGSTER—On September 13, at Port Perry, Charles Arnold Pettit, Belleville, to Florence Hayes Sangster.
WHITTET—McLEAN—On September 12, at Toronto, James Whittet, Richmond, Va., to Clara Grant McLean.
CAMPBELL—GRAHAM—On September 12, at Holy Trinity Church, Winnipeg, Frederick Charles Campbell, of Winnipeg, to Katie Graham of Ottawa.
IRWIN—MERCER—On September 12, Mr. Herbert E. Irwin, B.A ; to Minnie Strachan Mercer, of Delmer, Oxford county.
BURNS—KERTLAND—On September 18, at Toronto, Douglas Alston Burns to Anna Mary Kertland.
HIMSWORTH—SPRINGSTEAD—On September 17, at Wiarton, C. W. Himsworth to Rosa Springstead.
STEWART—GREIG—At Toronto, Thos. Stewart to Edith Lilian Greig.
YOUNG—TODD—On September 15, at Collingwood, Ed. T. Young to Mary E. Todd.

Deaths.

BOWERMAN—On September 9, at Winnipeg, Man., Carrie M. Stephens Bowerman.
CARR—On September 16, at Stoney Creek, Mary Carr.
GROSE—On September 15, at Lefroy, Henry Grose, J.P., aged 50 years.
HAGARTY—On September 17, George Vincent Hagarty, aged 19 years.
McKIBBON—On September 16, Carrie M. McKibbon.
McCONNELL—On September 16, at Toronto, Dr. John Stuart McConnell, aged 50 years.
STEAD—On September 16, at Toronto, Mary Ann Stead.
TAYLOR—On September 15, at Galt, Elizabeth Taylor, aged 48 years.
GIRNET—On September 17, at Stouffville, Ont., Robert Girnet, aged 17 years.
REESOR—On September 15, at Winnipeg, Adeline Anne Smith Reesor.
McCUTCHEON—On September 16, at Toronto, Bertie McCutcheon, aged 11 years.
COLLINS—On September 15, Patrick Collins, aged 60 years.
ATKINSON—On July 10 at Glasgow, Scotland, Walter Vine Atkinson of Eden Grove, Ont.
HORNOR—On September 14, at Princeton, Thomas M. Hornor.
BOXALL—On September 16, Laura May Boxall, aged 11 months.
WORTHINGTON—On September 16, Harold Beverly Worthington, aged 9 months and 18 days.
ALLEN—On September 10, at Mimico, Sarah Ann Allen, aged 47 years.
BROWN—On September 17, at Bolton Village, William Brown, aged 105.
CLENCH—On September 11, at Cobourg, Eliza Clark Cory Clench, aged 87.
MEEHAN—On September 18, at Toronto, John Meehan, aged 15 months.
TYNER—On September 17, at Toronto, Sage Rowlands Tyner, aged 40.
McMAHON—On September 19, Hugh Patrick McMahon, aged 28 years.
BRODIE—On September 19, at Toronto, Rose Brodie, aged 22 years.
FETHERSTONHAUGH—On September 19, at Toronto, Fanny Fetherstonhaugh, aged 60 years.
ROSE—On September 18, at Geneva, N.Y., Mary Rose, daughter of the late Hon. J. B. Plumb of Niagara.

Enough to Live on.

Visitor—You have been unfortunate, my friend.
Convict—Well, I dunno; I robbed a bank of twenty thousand dollars, and only three years for it. That's more money than you can make in three years.

She Misunderstood.

He—Do you like *Punch?*
She (from Cincinnati)—No, but I'm very fond of beer.

True.

Tramp—No sugar nor milk in my coffee, mum, please. Sugar is bad for me, and milk gives me dyspepsia.
Lady—You are very careful of your health.
Tramp—It's necessary, mum. If I didn't keep my health, I couldn't tramp about as a sick man.

Strictly Classical.

How can I tell classical music? That is easy enough. When you see everybody applaud and look relieved after the piece is finished, then you can know that it is strictly classical.

The Old, Old Story Boiled Down.

She (early in the evening)—Good evening, Mr. Sampson.
Same She (late in the evening)—Good night, George.

Its Chief Beauty.

We are told that hanging does not stop murder. Perhaps it does not; but it stops the murderer, and that is its chief beauty.

The Correct Version.

Mrs. H.—Norah, did Mrs. Richly leave any message when you told her I was not at home?
Norah—No, ma'am, she didn't; but she looked very much pleased.

A Careful Mother.

Bad little boy (to good little boy)—Hey, Johnny, does yer wan' ter take a hand in de ball game?
Good little boy—No, I thank you; my mamma doesn't allow me to play with bad boys.
Bad little boy—What's de matter—does yer ma t'ink you'll make de bad boys wuss?

Consistency.

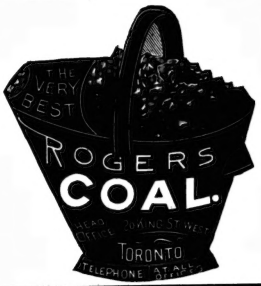
He—And suppose while sitting serenely here some one should be wicked enough to steal a kiss?
She—I should certainly scream for help.
(The steal follows.)
She—Carlo lie down and be still.

He Liked the Results.

Seedy party (to bartender): — Whisky, please?
Bartender—What kind, friend?
Seedy Party—Gimme the same as the feller had wot's lyin' under the billiard table.

Physic, for the most part, is but a substitute for temperance.

SATISFACTION



GUARANTEED

The Menu.

Ada—What was your first meal alone with your husband when you left for the honeymoon?
Elsie (aged 16)—Oh, Charlie let me make it out! We had chocolate ice cream, kisses, lemonade, blanc-mange, Charlotte Russe, strawberries, vanilla ice cream, cocoanut drops, Neapolitan ice cream, wine jelly, bananas, raisins, *tutti frutti*, milk punch, raspberries, floating island and pistachio ice cream.
Ada—Anything else?
Elsie (gloomily)—Yes; a long illness.

Handy to Have Around.

"Yes, George," she said, "Uncle James is a lawyer as well as papa and Uncle Henry."
"Plenty of lawyers, dear," he remarked, with a loving smile.
"Yes, George; but they are handy for a young lady to have in the family in the event of any crawfishing, you know."

Both Miscalled.

Commercial Traveler (in a fascinating tone of voice, to a pretty waitress)—Steak an' baked potatoes, Mary.
Pretty Waitress (haughtily)—My name ain't Mary, Cully.
Commercial Traveler—Well, don't get mad about it, dear. My name ain't Cully.

The Essence of Contempt.

Alkali Ike—You've got t' leave this ressyvation immejeately!
Boiling Wolf—White man see pappoose?
Alkali Ike—Course I does.
Boiling Wolf—White man no scoot, I let him loose!

Forgot About It.

Brown—Have you seen Robinson recently, Dumley? I hear he has been sick.
Dumley—Yes; I saw him this morning.
Brown—How is he?
Dumley—By thunder! I forgot to ask him. I just said "How are you, old man!" and passed on.

JACOBS & SHAW'S
Toronto Opera House
WEEK OF SEPT. 24
By Special Arrangement With Mr. LOUIS ALDRICH, the Best American Play,
MY PARTNER
By Mr. Bartley Campbell,
WITH A COMPANY OF
Acknowledged Artists
CHAPMAN & SELLERS, MANAGERS
The play that made the fame of its author in a single night.—*New York Herald.*
Prices—15, 25, 35 and 50c. Reserved seats on sale at the Box office from 9 a.m. till 10 p.m.

OPENING OF THE SEASON
GRAND CONCERT
BY
Mr. Emilio Agramonte of New York
ASSISTED BY
Mrs. Agnes Thomson, Miss A. Robinson, Miss A. Langstaff, Miss Harrita Cheney, Miss Sedohr Rhodes of New York, Miss Maude Hare, Mrs. Frank Machtcan, Mr. G. H Mackenzie, Mr. J. F. Kirk, Mr. H. M. Blight, Mr. J. F. Thomson and
MR. CARLOS HASSELBRINK
Solo Violinist Concert-Meister, Metropolitan Opera House, and Seidl's Orchestra, New York,
Pavilion Music Hall
ON
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27
Reserved Seats, $1. Gallery, 50c.
Tickets may be had at all the music stores. Plan opens at Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer's, Monday, September 24, at 10 a.m.

JEWELL'S RESTAURANT
This popular restaurant, now under new proprietorship, is first-class in every respect.
10 JORDAN STREET
HENRY MORGAN - - Proprietor

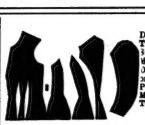
ALEXANDER & CABLE
LITHOGRAPHERS &c
MAIL BUILDING TORONTO
SPECIALTY OF FINE WORK
IN
Invitations, Wedding and Visiting Cards
PLATE ENGRAVING AND PRINTING

SAMPLE BOY
FURNISHED BY THE FAMOUS
Palace Clothing House
How, when and where to buy Boy's Clothing are very important questions in every mother's mind at present. If you would have them readily and satisfactorily answered call on P. Jamieson, the Clothier, and see the tremendous stock of Boy's Suits, etc., at cost, comprising every shade, style and price.
P. JAMIESON
THE BOY'S CLOTHIER
Cor. Yonge & Queen Sts.

FOR FALL
GREAT STOCK
OF
Fine Suits for Boys
AT THE
GREAT AND POPULAR
CLOTHING HOUSE
OAK HALL,
115 to 121 King Street East,
TORONTO.
WILLIAM RUTHERFORD - Manager.

DIAMONDS.
For a large assortment and close prices call on
Goulden & Trorey
Manufacturing Jewelers and Diamond Setters
61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

1888 LAST 1888
EXCURSION
TO THE
Canadian North-West
BY THE
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
WILL BE TO
DELORAINE $28
And Return, Colonist Class
Tickets will be sold at all stations on the CANADIAN PACIFIC, the KINGSTON & PEMBROKE and GRAND TRUNK RAILWAYS, Prescott, Ottawa and west thereof.
The Excursion will leave Toronto at 11:00 p.m. on Sept. 25, and Carlton Junction at 1:10 a.m. Sept. 26, via North Bay and the Canadian Pacific Railway, and to return up to Nov. 25.
Apply to nearest railroad agent for full particulars and accommodation in Colonist Sleepers, which will be reserved as ordered.

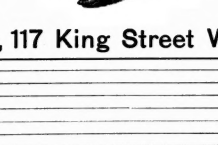

DRESSMAKERS' NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF SQUARE MEASUREMENT, (late Prof. Moody's). Drafts direct without paper or patterns. J. & A. CARTER, Practical Dressmakers and Milliners, 372 Yonge street, Toronto. Agents wanted.

Charles Brown,
Nos. 36 and 38
KING ST. WEST.
Coupes 75c.
Carriages $1
Telephone 123.

MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO'Y
MANUFACTURERS OF
High-Class Pianos
Unequalled in Elegance of Construction and Beauty of Finish.

Easy and Sympathetic Touch, Fineness and Purity of Tone.
AMERICAN PIANOS. CANADIAN AMERICAN ORGANS
Second-hand Pianos and Organs on Small Weekly or Monthly Payments.
91 AND 93 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

HEINTZMAN & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
PIANOFORTES
GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.
The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.
Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.



Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.
Illustrated Catalogue free on application.
Warerooms, 117 King Street W., Toronto.

"DOMINION"
PIANO
FOR
Tone, Touch, Sweetness & Durability
Special Prices — Terms Easy
TORONTO TEMPLE OF MUSIC
68 King Street West

WATER FILTERS
"The Gate City Stone Filter"
EASILY CLEANED
DOES NOT BECOME FOUL
AN EFFECTUAL PURIFIER
ABSOLUTELY PURE WATER
FOR SALE BY
HARRY A. COLLINS
90 YONGE STREET.